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No. 39.

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1900.

Price 5 Cents.

MULDOON'S BOARDING HOUSE.

BY TOM TEASER.



The ram lowered its head, rushed forward, and, striking Muldoon in the pit of the stomach, landed him up against the hat-rack. Down came the rack and Muldoon simultaneously.

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Charles Bragin, Secretary

1525 WEST 12TH STREET, BROOKLYN 4, NEW YORK.

COMICS

The Tousey comics were truly so - for that publisher had the finest staff of writers in the field - George Small (peter pad), Edward Ten Eyck (Tom Teaser) and the great artist Tom Worth.

For over 40 years they provided the best in slapstick comedy - with Muldoon The solid man - shorty and his minstrel men - Tommy Bounce - gassy sam the Bootblack - Ebenezer Crow - skinny the tin peddler - the Mulcahey twins - and others.

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Edward Ten Eyck (Tom Teaser) - who also wrote under the pen name "Ed" was probably the finest writer of comics in his time, and his early death cut short a career which would have carried him very far in that field.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. All Tousey comics appeared in serial form - one chapter a week - in the story papers Boys of New York, Young Men of America, Golden Weekly, Happy days, from 1878 on (and to enjoy, they should be read one chapter weekly) They were published complete in Wide Awake Library (1882-1896) Comic Library (197 issues 1892-96) Snaps (72 issues 1899-1900).

Other publishers tried in vain to complete -street & smith issued a few comics in Nugget Library -Beadle published one comic and wisely quit -Norman Munro provided one comic character -a good one - BONES, a youth with iron nerve and cheek of brass who appeared weekly in Golden Hours -the stories were published complete in the old Cap Collier Library in 1899.

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Charles Bragin
Secretary

❖ SNAPS ❖

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NEW YORK, July 4, 1900.

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MULDOON'S BOARDING HOUSE.

By TOM TEASER.

CHAPTER I.

"Ladies and gentlemen—it gives me great playsure to inaugurate me boarding-house wid a free spread av a—Terry Rafferty, ye Cherry street flirt, will ye plaze not excavate your teeth wid a fork? Shure, the crockery is only silver plated, an' ye will ruin its iligance.

"As I was saying, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to make me establishment so pleasant to yez that yez will be loathe to leave it. I wish to make it—Mrs. Fitz Murphy, for the love of Heaven garrote that child av yours, or I won't be able to hear meself think.

"All av the indelicacies out of the season will be found upon me table, an' I will do me best to make yez all miserable. The cuisine—Frinch for grub—will be splendid also—Mr. Geoghegan, I am ashamed av ye. If ye want to spit, do it in yer pocket instead av the tay cup.

"It is me intention to have a respectable, well-conducted, high-tone place av repose for ladies an' gentlemen. No ruffianism will be allowed, or—Hippocrates Burns, I see yez have a cold in yer head, an' ye better go out onto the piazza an' view the woodhouse. If ye sneeze in the soup, ye sucker, I'll murder yez!"

Exhausted by this, his opening speech, Terence Muldoon, Esq., proprietor of Muldoon's boarding-house, sat down, red as a rose from his unaccustomed oratorical exercise.

A buzz of applause ran around from the boarders.

"Three cheers for Muldoon!" cried Mr. Geoghegan, a gallus young Irishman, who bloomed all the year around in a terrifically high collar and a necktie so loud that you could hear it for a mile.

They were given with a will, and the tiger uttered with a vehemence which caused the dishes to rattle.

"Thanks," said Muldoon, "but don't repeat the dose; I don't want the house pulled on its very first night, an' I haven't got a license for a free-and-easy. Mrs. Muldoon."

In obedience Mrs. Muldoon, once the Widow Halirahan, came from the kitchen with a troubled face.

"The turkey!" said Muldoon, with a lordly air.

"It's gone," replied his wife.

Muldoon looked as if a flash of lightning had struck him on the back of the neck.

"What?" he cried.

"The turkey's gone."

"Where?"

"I put it out on the window to cool."

"Yes?"

"An'—an'—"

"For Heaven's sake, Bridget, don't prolong me agony. Put me out av suspense at wunst."

"McCarthy's cat stole it."

Muldoon got up. He took off his coat and vest and undid his necktie.

Then he made a bee-line for the front door.

"Where are you going, Terry?" asked his wife, clinging to his arm.

"To lick McCarthy!"

"What for?"

"His cat stole me turkey. Unhand me, woman! Bedad, I'll butcher him. He's got that cat trained, the devil!"

But the united persuasions of his wife and boarders persuaded him to forego his purpose for the nonce.

"I'll wait till Sunday, after church, and thin I'll kill him," he said.

Notwithstanding the unavoidable absence of the turkey, a substantial repast was brought onto the table. That is, substantial in quantity.

The quality had better be ignored.

It wasn't long before the boarders began to kick.

"Pass me the butther, Mr. Geoghegan?"

"Shure, it's strong enough to walk."

"Will somebody lend me a harpoon till I secure the mouse in me coffee?"

"Plaze give the tea air. It is so weak that it may die soon."

"Somebody's dropped a tooth in me soup."

"There's paragoric in the ice cream."

"Shure, there is B. B. shot in the peas."

"Don't give me any more of that Washington pie—it's all cat."

"Go out into the woodhouse and borry me an ax till I break me biscuit."

These were some of the sarcastic comments uttered upon the bill of fare by the boarders.

Muldoon heard them.

For a while he concealed his emotion; but it was hard work—about as hard as swallowing an elephant.

At last he could not stand it any longer.

He gripped Mr. Geoghegan, who appeared to be the ring-leader of the growlers, by the collar and the slack of his new five-dollar pants.

"Edwardo Geoghegan," he said, sorrowfully, "how many times have I rescued ye from the mud-gutter and took ye out av hock. Yez are a ring-tailed viper that I have nourished in me bosom and now yez sting me. Out yez go, an' devil a cint av yez board will yez git back."

Mr. Geoghegan flew out of the door in a style which was more bouncible than beneficial.

"Are there any other patricians that desire Del-mo-ni-co feed for three dollars a week—principally in trade dollars?" asked Muldoon. "Perhaps yez would loike potted elephant wid quail sauce and a bouquet on aich plate!"

Nobody replied.

The fate of Geoghegan seemed to have cast a shadow over the company.

Muldoon sat down and resumed his supper.

But another interruption was in store for him.

"Terry!" called his wife from the kitchen, in accents of anguish.

"What is it now?" groaned Muldoon. "Has the stove exploded, or has McCarthy's cat got away wid the summer garden?"

"Mulcahy's chickens are in the back yard," was the reply.

Muldoon arose.

"Bring me me rifled cannon, Bridget," said he.

"What would yez do, Terry?" asked his wife.

"Swape Mulcahy's chickens from the face av the airth. Bring me the powder demijohn and a basket av bullets."

In response Mrs. Muldoon appeared with an old army musket—one of those old double-headers which generally kill the person shot at and the person who shoots them, simultaneously.

Muldoon loaded it.

He put in powder and shot enough to sink a ship.

"Ladies and gents," said he, "will yez walk out onto the back deck and gaze upon the massacre?"

"Hurry up, Terry," called his wife, "the chickens have tore up me geraniums and all of me verbenas."

Muldoon cocked his gun.

"Begob, I betther kill them immediately, or they'll be ating up the clothes-pole—the rapacious insects," he growled.

Perhaps you may wonder at Muldoon's evil intent upon a few chickens of a neighbor whom he supposed had accidentally got into his yard.

Michael Mulcahy lived next door.

He had married a red-headed, freckled-faced Irish fairy, and moved adjacent to Muldoon. Fights between the two families were frequent.

Muldoon kept chickens.

Mulcahy kept chickens.

The chickens were sociable and liked to call upon one another. And as the two yards were separated only by a low fence this was easily done.

But as the chickens generally contrived during their visits to render the respective yards a howling waste, the visits were interdicted.

Muldoon locked his fowls up in a pen at one end of the yard. One day, though, a hen escaped, got into Mulcahy's yard, tried to make a walking track of Mulcahy's flower-bed, and Mulcahy killed her with an ax.

Muldoon thereupon threatened to shoot Mulcahy's chickens on sight.

Here was his chance.

He went out into the back yard.

"Misther Mulcahy!" he called.

"Hey?" answered Mulcahy, from the other side of the fence.

"Yez had betther buy ice!"

"What for?"

"To lay out yer chickens on!"

"Why?"

"They are into me grounds."

"It won't hurt them."

"I am about to kill them."

"Kill away."

Muldoon raised his gun.

He blazed away at the chickens.

Six fell.

"Be Heavens, Mulcahy can have chicken pot-pie for a wake!" soliloquized Muldoon, as he reloaded his weapon.

It did not take long to finish the rest of the chickens. Muldoon's yard looked like a battle-field in a few moments.

Then, assisted by his wife and the more active of his boarders, Muldoon threw the corpses over the fence.

"It's an illegant morgue Mulcahy can start now," he chuckled.

After the last chicken had sailed over the fence Mulcahy appeared on top of a step-ladder.

"Will yez plaze to accept me thanks, Mr. Muldoon," he said, with a grin.

"What for?"

"Your illegant prisint."

"Av what?"

"Chickens."

"What does the gorilla mane?" muttered Muldoon.

"Will yez look upon yer own pen, ye celluloid bog-throtter?" yelled Mulcahy, as he disappeared.

Muldoon rushed for his pen.

It was empty.

A slat was broken, affording a space sufficiently large to admit egress for several fowls.

He gave a wild Irish whoop of rage.

"Howly Moses!" he cried; "Mrs. Muldoon, will yez place me in the coal-scuttle and dump me in the fire?"

"Terry, are ye crazy?"

"Yis, wid remorse. For Hiven's sake poison me wid Russian acid! Do yez know what I have done?"

"What?"

"I have shot me own chickens. Will ye plaze to set fire to a feather quilt beneath me nostrils, or I will faint, sure!"

So it was.

Muldoon's chickens had broken loose from his carefully contrived dungeon of a pen, and now every one was dead. And presented to Mulcahy.

To say that Muldoon was wild expresses it very lightly.

It would have been a positive relief for him to make Mulcahy eat the dead chickens raw, feathers and all.

But at last the entreaties of his boarders succeeded in getting him into the house. And, after partaking of a glass of the real old stuff, he felt better.

"Let us come out and sit upon the front portico," suggests Mrs. Fitz Murphy, whose husband had a position in the City Hall, and who regarded herself as very high-toned.

"And let the children promenade upon the Rialto," capped in Muldoon, who wasn't going to be behind in style.

Led by himself, Muldoon and his boarders went out upon the front stoop.

It was a pleasing sight, Muldoon's front stoop of a summer night. There was Muldoon himself in the door, the boarders scattered around most socially, a dog fight abetted by Patsy O'Brien and the McNulty's boy going on on the sidewalk, and Denny Callahan, the policeman, gazing at it in delight. Tell you what, for grace and polish, it was hard to beat Muldoon's boarding-house.

As they sat there that night, Mrs. Fitz Murphy spoke up:

"I have a song I would like to sing yez," she said.

"Wid playsure," gallantly said Muldoon. "I would accompany yez on the pi-an-a, Mrs. Fitz Murphy, if Mickey Meagher hadn't borrowed it to stand on while he whitewashes the cellar."

"I prefer to sing alone," replied Mrs. Fitz Murphy. "The song is about you, Mr. Muldoon."

"Yez flatter me."

"It was writ by me sister's steady company. He is a newspaper divil."

"A reporter?"

"No—he's editor. He writes wrappers."

Without further preface Mrs. Fitz Murphy struck up the following lively lay:

MULDOON'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

AIR:—*Skidmore Fancy Ball.*

Oh, look upon us, every one
Boarders, all so gay
From Erin's Isle—we lead the style,
Don't ye give it away!
There's sweet Edwardo Geoghegan,
Senator Mike Lobsouse,
A solid man—no black-an'-tan,
At Muldoon's Boarding-house.
All in a group—on the front stoop,
The neighborhood we 'rouse,
'Tis "Baby Mine"—all out of time,
At Muldoon's Boarding-house.

Chorus.

Pork and beans and liver, oh—
Bacon, tripe and hash;
I tell you what, the grub is hot,
'Tis solid food for cash.
Babies squall in every hall,
Each bed-bug is big as a mouse,
'Tis "Pinafore" on every floor,
At Muldoon's Boarding-house.

The board's the best we ever got,
It's sixteen meals a day,
Goose-pie and ham, wid Rockaway clam
We put it down to stay;
Cuspidores inside each room,
Bath-tubs in which to souse,
The etiquette is grand, you bet,
At Muldoon's Boarding-house.
There's Mike McGee, from Tipparee,
Miss Frash, and Sadie Krouse,
Who have the hang of all the slang
At Muldoon's Boarding-house.

Pork and beans, etc.

It is needless to say that this beautiful song was loudly applauded.

"Begorra, I will have it kalsomined and hung up in the reception-room," said Muldoon. "An——"

What other honor Muldoon intended to shower upon the song will never be known.

There was a terrific uproar inside. It sounded as if a hurricane had come in at the back door, and was working its way through.

"Tin to wane the wather-pipe's bust and set fire to the house!" yelled Terry Rafferty.

"It's a landslide, shure," predicted Mrs. Fitz Murphy.

"Mebbe the piano has blown up and exploded Micky Meaguer," wailed Miss Gilhooly, a beautiful blonde with strawberry hair, who sewed shirts for ten cents a dozen.

"It's Roger," cried Mrs. Muldoon. "Muldoon, I left him playing wid your razor. I suppose he's cut his throat and fell downstairs in a fit! I shall faint," and Mrs. Muldoon toppled gracefully into her husband's arms.

"Brace up, ye sylph!" said Muldoon.

"I can't, I'm dying!"

"For Heaven's sake—don't. Put it off. Do ye know yez're kicking all av the glitter off av me boots?"

"Oh, fan me, Terry!" piteously begged his wife.

"I will—wid a club," and Muldoon deposited his better half on the door-step.

"Lay there, Bridget," shouted he, "till I go into the chateau and get a shovelful of hot wather to revive yez wid."

He rushed for the hall.

An unexpected obstacle intervened.

A big, ugly, vicious-looking ram with about a mile of heavy iron chain was rushing down the hall, and at the other end of the chain was Roger Muldoon, aged six, being dragged, howling and kicking, over the oil-cloth.

The ram evidently took Muldoon for an enemy.

It lowered its head, rushed forward, and striking Muldoon in the pit of the stomach landed him up against the hat-rack. Down came the rack and Muldoon simultaneously.

"Howly murder—it's a wild camel!" roared Muldoon.

"Roger—Roger, ye bird av Paradise, let go av the chain!"

Roger didn't, though.

He hung on with the regular Muldoon pertinacity, and bawled loud enough to raise the roof.

The ram made for the front stoop.

"Look out!" warned Muldoon, "the giraffe is at yez. It is dead yez will be. Steer the sucker, Roger!"

The company upon the stoop heard the alarm.

But they were not quick enough in getting out of the way.

The ram butted Mrs. Muldoon downstairs, upset Mrs. Fitz Murphy on top of her, sent Algenon Lobsouse over the railing and made Terry Rafferty walk out into the gutter on his hands.

Then he charged downstairs.

"It's a buffalo!" cried Denny Callahan, the "copper," as he got over the area gate.

The ram bounced after him.

"Open the basement windy, Johanna!" Denny bawled; "let me escape. He's got the hydrophobia."

"Catch him by the tail, Roger, an' pull him back!" Muldoon ordered, from the top of the stoop.

"Ma—ma—ma!" responded Roger, still holding on to the chain.

"I'll bullet him!" desperately said the alderman, as he felt behind his pants for his pistol.

It was caught in his handkerchief.

He tried to pull it out.

There was a loud report, and the alderman dropped.

"Send for Bellevue Hospital; I'm shot through the heart!" he cried. "Begorra, bring me an American flag till I die in it!"

"Get out av the way—the baste is at yez!" Muldoon cried.

In a way that was very phenomenal for a dying man, the alderman got up and ran.

"I'm going down to the City Hall to get a bull-fighter to kill the baste!" he yelled, as he dusted around the corner.

"Begob, I'll lasso it," said Muldoon, struck with a sudden idea.

He got a clothes-line from the kitchen.

The ram was still trying to get at Denny Callahan, who was bravely repelling the attack with his club.

Muldoon formed the clothes-line into a lasso of a description and build the mere sight of which would have killed a professional plainsman on the spot.

He shut his eyes and cast it. It had plainly caught, for Muldoon felt the noose tighten.

"Whoop!" Muldoon victoriously howled; "I'm sure it is a prairie scout I ought to be. Caught the terror at one throw. Bedad, I'll choke the chest out av it!"

"Let me go!" called a voice.

"Never!" responded Muldoon.

"You're murdherin' av me!"

"Yez lie! I'm killing the crather. Whoop, feel him struggle."

"Poppy—poppy," said Roger's voice, "you've killed the cop!"

Muldoon opened his eyes.

"Bad cess to me for a bog-trotter!" ejaculated he, "if I haven't lassoed the perlice!"

So he had.

The lasso had not touched the ram at all.

But it had touched the cop. It had landed over his neck, and a little more pulling by Muldoon would have deprived New York of one of her finest clubbers.

As it was, Denny was half strangled, and threatened to take Muldoon in on the first opportunity.

Meanwhile the ram had gone off, and was head and ears in an ash-barrel, chewing up an old boot.

Muldoon had a bright idea.

"Terence Muldoon," he said, as he ran down the stoop, "ye have a gigantic head. If yer brain grows much larger, ye won't be able to put on your hat."

Picking up the ash-barrel, Muldoon dumped it and the ram over together. His design was to catch the ram in the barrel the same way that a boy catches a butterfly in a hat.

The ram resisted.

It was a collar-and-elbow rough-and-tumble fight between Muldoon, the ash-barrel and the ram.

First it seemed likely that the ram would get out, and kill Muldoon. Then it appeared probable that Muldoon would smother the ram.

In fact, it was a close question for a while whether Muldoon was trying to get the ram into the ash-barrel, or the ram trying to get Muldoon.

At last, though, Muldoon got a good grip onto the animal, and the clothes-line having been handed to him by Terry Rafferty, tied it fast so securely that it could hardly breathe.

He got up and looked at himself.

"It is an elegant sign I'd make for a sale of goods ruined by disaster," he groaned. "Luk at me new three-dollar all-cotton pants, split from stim to stern. An' that son of a gun av a ram has chewed a hatchway in the back av me coat, or I'm a liar!"

Investigation was in order.

By this time all of the gang were back on the front stoop, including the alderman, who not being able to find a bull-fighter, had returned with a fire-key, and was only persuaded by a chair to refrain from sending out an alarm, which would have brought every fire engine in the district to the spot at once.

"Who brought the four-footed divil into me house?" sternly asked Muldoon.

There was a painful pause.

Then Mrs. Muldoon faintly said:

"I did!"

Muldoon looked like a man who had nourished a serpent in his bosom, and then been stung by the ungrateful reptile.

"Bridget," he uttered, "haven't I always thrated yez well? Haven't yez always had all the ice-cream, an' bricks, an' oysters that yez desired?"

"Yes, Terry," sobbed his wife.

"Have I iver hit yez wid anything harder than a stove?"

"No, Terry."

"Did I iver give it away that yer teeth were fictitious, an' that ye wore bale cotton to plump out yez ankles?"

"No, Terry."

"Then, Bridget Muldoon, why did yez decaive me? Did yez take me house for an aquarium, that yez could fill it full av wild bastes?"

"No, Terry," wailed Mrs. Muldoon from under her handkerchief, "but it was so chape. And the slaughter-house man said it was kind and gentle, and that when we got tired of having it for a pet we could kill it for mutton."

"So he said it would make a pet?"

"Yes."

"I suppose ye thought yez could put a fairy blue ribbon around its neck, and feed it on crackers and cheese, like Mary Ann and her little lamb, that yez read about?"

"Yis, an' I had it tied up an' safe in the back cellar, an' it would have been all right if Roger hadn't untied it to play horse wid."

Muldoon relented.

"I will acquit you this time, Bridget," said he, "but niver buy no more pets. Be Heaven, yez will be coming home some day wid a white whale or a kangaroo in a cage. Terry Rafferty, will you and the alderman convey the ram into the back yard? I'm going to dround it wid the hose."

As he went through the hall, Mrs. Muldoon followed him.

"Muldoon, ye bald-headed old Mick," she said, when they

were out of ear-shot of the rest, "I will never forgive yez talking to me before all av the boarders as if I was a nagur. Wait till ye get to bed, Muldoon, ye wife-sluggur, I'll pull ivery whisker off av ye, ye devil's gorilla!"

CHAPTER II.

After the incidents which attended the opening of Muldoon's boarding-house, things ran on very smothly at that lovely retreat.

But one day everything was upset.

There seemed to be murder in the air.

Mrs. Fitz Murphy's eldest son put a cannon firecracker inside the piano and blew the entrails out of that noble instrument.

Alderman Lobscouse came home blind drunk, smashed the front door with his foot, and began flinging the furniture out of the window.

Young Hippocrates Burns attempted to practice with Indian clubs, and broke seventy dollars' worth of looking-glasses, not to mention his own head.

Edwardo Geoghegan and Terry Rafferty had a fight about an Oak street coquette and chased each other over the house with shotguns, while an aristocratic boarder named Blases, who said he was a Portuguese baron, was discovered trying to steal away with the parlor ornaments hid in a shawl.

And to cap all, Mrs. Muldoon's ram, which Muldoon had not killed, got loose again, butted over the cooking stove and nearly set the whole house on fire.

Muldoon went nearly wild.

For an hour or so he contemplated running away from his boarding-house, and going to be a pearl-diver in the Erie canal, or some other foreign country.

But finally he cooled down.

"Bridget," said he, to his wife, "bring me a church choir of paper!"

"What for, Terence?" asked his wife, with woman's curiosity.

"To paste over your mouth, ye apricot. Do yez bear in mind what Paddy said to the hand organ?"

"What was it?"

"Ax me no lies and I will tell yez no questions. Fetch me me curb-stone pointed pen and the ink aqueduct."

Obediently Mrs. Muldoon obeyed. The required articles necessary for a feat of penmanship were at hand.

"Now yez can retire to the back balcony and look at the sunset," he said.

Mrs. Muldoon retired.

Muldoon scratched his head and bit his pen. Then he bit his pen and scratched his head, both proceedings absolutely necessary to inspire thought.

At last, after he had upset his inkstand twice and spoiled eight sheets of paper, he wrote, in a hand resembling the footmarks of an intoxicated hen:

"Rules of Muldoon's Boarding-house.

"Boarders will plaze not go to bed wid their boots on.

"No horses, elephants, mules, white mice or other insects allowed on the premises under penalty of the law.

"No audible drunkenness.

"Gintlemin will plaze bring their beer in from the saloon in covered hogsheads, in order not to give it away to the neighbors.

"Furniture will not be allowed to be taken from the house.

"No 'Pinafore' or 'Such an Indigestion has my Mary Ann.'

"No playing forty-five for drinks, except Mr. Muldoon is in the game.

"Boarders will plaze put away back-talk in regard to the menu in writing.

"Photographs of Mr. Muldoon will be furnished free in the cupola. The same will be charged upon the weekly board bill.

"Guests will plaze furnish their own spoons, table-cloths, rings and bed-bug poison.

"Gents contemplating suicide will plaze make use av the cellar.

"Only one piece of pie at a time.

"Mr. Muldoon will not be responsible for any valuables not left in the refrigerator.

"Use of warm water extra.

"Ash-barrels will be found in the area for boarders returning after four A. M.

"No playing av quoits with the plates at the table d'hote.

"Boarders will not bathe in the universal bath-tub, except by permit.

"No spitting in the vases or in the water pitcher.

"Board C. O. D., invariably in advance. No trust to nobody.

"No getting sick.

"By order of Terence Muldoon, Proprietor, Lessee and Manager of Muldoon's Boarding-House (On the Hibernian Plan)."

Muldoon copied off a dozen of these remarkable rules.

He posted them all over the house and put the biggest one on to the front door.

"Shure, they bate the deck," he complacently said. "They will be filling me house wid the elite. It is buying the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a bowling alley that I will be doing soon."

Hardly had the ink dried upon the rules before a new boarder arrived.

His name was Phelim O'Donnell.

He had just landed, and he was as green as the grass in his native isle.

Muldoon knew it.

He instructed his wife to keep a careful watch upon the O'Donnell.

"He is very rustic, Bridget," he said, "and the splendor av me establishment appals him. Kape an eye upon him or he will be having his head cut off by the elevator."

She promised, and that night as Muldoon sat in his room smoking two-cent tobacco out of a one-cent pipe, he felt safe in his mind.

"What is the greenhorn up to, Bridget?" he asked, as his wife entered to get a scissors to open clams with.

"Shure, he's safe," was the reply; "he's chasing cockroaches wid a club."

"Begob, I've a good notion to charge him a dollar extra for hunting," reflected Muldoon, as he puffed away at his clay.

Just as he did so, a violent uproar arose in the hall.

Somebody was yelling "murder!" somebody else was yelling "fire!" a third somebody was laughing at the top of his voice, and there was a noise like escaping steam.

"Holy Heavens!" cried Muldoon, as he jumped up. "I'll bet me head to a turnip that young Roger is washing the ram wid hot wather!"

Still the racket continued.

He bounded out into the hall.

The O'Donnell was lying flat on the floor, kicking like a bull, while by his side was a red object, like a small barrel.

Leaning over the balusters was Terry Rafferty, laughing as if he would burst a lung.

"Begorra!" gasped Muldoon, "the granehorn has got a spasm! Rafferty, ye son av a 'longshoreman, I belave yez would laugh at your own funeral."

"Arrah—he'll kill me," excused Rafferty.

"He'll kill himself, more like."

"What do yez suppose he done?"

"What?"

"Thried to dhrink out av the fire extinguisher!"

The fire extinguisher was the pride of Muldoon's heart.

He had bought it at an auction and set it up in a prominent position in the hall, as a thing to be looked at and admired.

Therefore Muldoon gave utterance to a cry of dismay.

He rushed forward, and separated the O'Donnell from the fire extinguisher.

Going down upon his knees, he examined the latter.

"Moses in the shoebrushes!" he yelled. "It is broken irretrievably. Be Heavens! it couldn't put out a pin-wheel. All av the gas has escaped. Phelim O'Donnell, ye web-footed, flannel-mouthed son av a hangman, stand up!"

The O'Donnell, still bawling with fright, obeyed.

"Siven dollars," said Muldoon, sternly.

"Fwhat for?" asked the O'Donnell.

"For the gas."

"For fwhat gas?"

"The gas that yez left escape."

"I niver saw it!" protested the O'Donnell; "if I had conjectured that yez wanted the gas not to escape I would have clutched at it. I suppose it ran by me while I wur down."

"No funny business. Siven dollars for the gas from the fire extinguisher."

The O'Donnell gazed at the speaker in wonder.

"Do yez call it a fire extinguisher?" he asked.

"Yis."

"Begorr! I thought it wur a hydrant!"

"Yez wanted to drink out av it loike a fawn," sarcastically said Muldoon. "I suppose ye thought yez would have coffee syrup wid cream by touching the knob."

"Divil a sivin dollars will I pay," sturdily protested the O'Donnell; "faix, the roof av me mouth is all burnt off now. It is a marked men that I am, internally."

Muldoon was mad.

He had fancied in his dreams the time when the house would

get afire, and he, with the fire extinguisher on his back, would plunge madly through the flame and smoke, and put out the conflagration, coupled with a half-column notice next morning in the newspapers regarding the heroic action of Mr. Muldoon.

But the bright chimera was now scattered.

The fire extinguisher was empty—it was of no more practical use than a wash boiler.

"Begob," he said, "if yez won't pay me the seven dollars yez go out av the chateau."

"I won't," said the O'Donnell; "I have paid me board for a week."

"Divil a bit do I care. I confisticate it. I belave yez are a Nihilist."

"Put me out! I have Daniel O'Connell blood in me veins."

"Yez stole it, thin. Terry Rafferty!"

"Well, sir?"

"Open the front entrance till I inject the nuisance."

O'Donnell, though, was not to be ejected so readily.

"Whoop!" he remarked, "bounce me, will yez? Brian Borou! I'll desiccate the whole castle. Whoop! ye devils, I am a son av ould Erin, and I am a murderer!"

"Yez are a son av a gun, and yez are P. S.—no good," put in Muldoon, as he caught him by the shoulders.

A lively tussle followed.

Muldoon tried to slaughter the O'Donnell, and the O'Donnell wanted to soak the floor with Muldoon.

As for Terry Rafferty, he hovered about, calling out "time!" "encore!" "hit him again!" etc., in a most impartial manner.

Finally Muldoon prevailed.

He hurled O'Donnell through the door and off of the stoop.

"Lay in the gutter," bawled Muldoon, "till the ash-barouche comes along and carries yez off to the dumping park!"

O'Donnell did not lay.

Instead, he began bombarding the front door with bricks and mud.

Right in the midst of his little amusement, Callahan, the copper, arrived.

Denny was under a cloud.

He had not arrested or clubbed anybody for two days, or even shot a mad dog, and he felt riley.

He grabbed the O'Donnell by the collar.

"Ah—ha! ye incendiary, I have yez," he said; "want to set fire to the boarding-house, ye Rockaway fire-bug."

In vain the O'Donnell protested his innocence.

Denny took him to the station-house, charged him with almost every crime on the calendar, and as the judge who presided wasn't in a particularly good humor, the O'Donnell got six months for cruelty to animals.

Muldoon didn't care, for he had got his week's board ahead, and after all, the fire extinguisher, although useless, made a nice ornament yet.

Soon after this little episode Mrs. Muldoon made a proposition.

"Terence," said she, "we should amuse our boarders."

"Whist, ould woman," was her husband's reply, "they have amusement enough already. Shure, they can go over at any time to Jimmy Burns, the undertaker, and look at the corpses, or else they can go up on the roof and fish for sparrows. Would yez have me procure a fountain to play in front of the house, and rig up a thrapeze on the back balcony?"

"Arrah, no—all I want av yez is to get a set av croquet. We can play iligantly in the back yard."

"I suppose yez will be axin' me to dig out a fish-pond for the boarders to catch whales in next," growled Muldoon.

Mrs. Muldoon tickled him gently under the chin.

"Now, Terry, me own daisy mick, yez can't refuse your darling such a little request," she pleaded; "think how high-toned it will be?"

Perhaps this last sentence reconciled Muldoon to the idea.

Or maybe it was his wife's cajolery.

Anyhow, he went out and bought the biggest and worst set of croquet he could find anywhere, and had it sent home on a furniture truck for the benefit of the neighbors.

He arranged the back yard for the game.

The back yard was about as well suited for croquet as the side of the house would have been.

Half of it was down hill.

The rest up hill.

In the centre was a sort of amateur alley, filled with slops, a dead cat or two, kitchen refuse and old shoes. Truly it was a beautiful spot to play croquet in.

By perseverance Muldoon got the hoops set, and the stakes planted.

Then he wanted a party to play.

It was arranged that Alderman Lobsouce and Mrs. Mul-

doon should do battle against Mr. Muldoon and Miss Nancy Krouse.

Miss Nancy Krouse was the belle of the boarding-house.

She had strawberry hair, delicate ankles, wore zebra striped stockings, worked in a bindery, and went to all of the moonlight picnics.

She was a giddy coquette.

One of those agreeable daisies who would try to get a mash on an orang-outang at a monkey show.

"Ah, Mr. Muldoon," said she, with a killing smile, "wid you for a pardner I could lick the whole world."

"Begob, yez will have to lick the ould woman if ye keep on," reflected Muldoon, as he saw his wife glare over at him.

"Yez are such a handsome man," continued Miss Nancy.

"Shure, I know it. Me photographs in the karachter ov Venus are for sale at all ov the blacksmith shops," gallantly returned Muldoon.

"Terence," savagely asked his wife, "are ye going to play croquet, or are yez going to agitate that big mouth ov yez all day?"

Thus questioned Muldoon led off.

He did not pass the first wicket.

"Booby!" smiled Mrs. Muldoon.

"Who is?" asked Muldoon.

"Ye."

"Why?"

"Ye didn't pass the first wicket."

"I didn't want to. I intend to capthure this game by diplomacy. No individualities, Mrs. Muldoon, or I'll give it away to the mob that you buy your wavy ringlets by the yard."

Mrs. Muldoon felt like thanking her husband with the head of the mallet, but instead she struck at her ball.

By some phenomenon, it passed three wickets in safety.

"Mrs. Muldoon, yez takes the cake," said the alderman. "I see ye play croquet wid brain work."

Miss Nancy played next.

She passed two arches, hit Mrs. Muldoon's ball, croqueted it viciously into the kitchen window, and reached the turning-post all in one turn.

The alderman threw down his mallet.

"I resign," he said:

"Why?" asked Muldoon.

"Yez can ring in no professionals on me."

"This is the second time I ever played," put in Miss Nancy, flushed with victory. "Go ahead, Alderman."

The alderman played the game by muscle.

His science was great.

In four shots he had knocked a board out of the fence, killed a cat, temporarily lamed Muldoon, and made the whole back yard look like a battle-field.

"Faix, I never worked so hard since I licked Paddy Ryan in siventeen rounds for the championship of Coney Island," she said, as he rested perspiringly on his mallet. "Croquet is an iligant game!"

Mrs. Muldoon did not think so.

Miss Nancy was captivating Muldoon as good as she knew how.

She was winking at him and pressing his arm and flirting with him generally, Muldoon feeling as if, after all, he was a killer with the fair sex.

At last Mrs. Muldoon could stand it no longer.

"Miss Krouse, ye leave to-morrow," she burst out.

"Why?" asked Miss Nancy, appearing wonderfully surprised.

"This is a decent house."

"What of it?"

"I will have no carryings on in it."

"What have I done?"

"Yez are endeavoring to enchant me husband, ye gypsy sorceress."

Miss Krouse elevated her head.

"Mr. Muldoon is a gentleman," she emphatically said. "He is too good for a Galway hussy with feathers on her tongue."

Mrs. Muldoon burst out crying.

"Terence, protect me?" she cried.

"Shure, ye're tough and old enough to protect yerself," callously replied Muldoon, prudently retreating.

"She says I have feathers on me tongue."

"Scrape it, thin."

"Yez are capping in for the red-headed blonde against yer own and lawful wife," Mrs. Muldoon howled. "I'll scratch her face till it luks loike a cranberry pie!"

She rushed at Miss Nancy to carry out her threat.

"Save me from the maniac!" begged Miss Krouse, trying to get behind Muldoon.

But he, like a wise man, got on top of the fence.

"Catch her by the legs and throw her over your head!" he yelled to Mrs. Muldoon. "Room for the faymale boxers!" Mrs. Muldoon and Miss Nancy collided violently. Down they went on the ground in a mixed-up mess. "No fall," sternly said Muldoon.

"Luk out for the flower-pots—yez will paralyze the verbenas!" the alderman cautioned.

It seemed for a while as if the ladies would tear each other into fragments.

They fought, bit, scratched and clawed in a manner which tended to support the theory that women are closely allied to cats.

Suddenly right in the midst of the conflict there was a report.

Muldoon uttered a cry of pain and tumbled off the fence.

"Be Heavens!" yelled he, "I am a dead man. Sind for a surgeon!"

The fight was stopped at once.

Both of the fair boxers and the alderman ran to the spot where Muldoon lay groaning.

The alderman rolled him over on his face.

About a yard of stick protruded out from amidst Muldoon's coat tails.

The alderman examined it.

"Begorra, it's a sky-rocket!" he wonderingly exclaimed.

"Bring me a stretcher, and go for a praste," Muldoon requested. "Bridget, yez will find me latest will in the cuspador on top av the bookcase. It laves all av me property to meself."

"Get up, man," ordered the alderman; "ye are not hurt."

"On your worrud, alderman?"

"Upon me sacred dignity," answered the politician, Lobscouse.

Muldoon arose.

"I believe yez are a liar," he remarked. "I must be wounded internally for I can taste the blood in my mouth."

"Oh, Terry!" Mrs. Muldoon said, "how did it occur?"

Muldoon's eyes flashed, and he hit one hand against the other.

"I wur setting over the fence watching av the Græco-Roman wrastle," he began.

"Yis," chimed in everybody.

"Part av me anatomy was exposed over in Mulcahy's yard."

"Yis," went in chorus again.

"Mulcahy got onto me."

"Shure, I didn't notice him on yez," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"Figuratively speaking, woman. I mane to say that he caught sight av me. He whispered to his son Michael——"

"A young jailbird."

"So he is, ivery hair. As I wur saying, he whispered to the young tarrier, and before I wur aware av it Michael came out wid a big sky-rocket, planted it beneath me, got the wind-gauge, and exploded it upward. Be Heavens, I thought I wur kilt."

"Bad cess to the Mulcahys," said Miss Nancy, forgetting all hard feelings as she assisted Mrs. Muldoon to do up her back hair.

"Their doom is sealed," solemnly remarked Muldoon. "I have rung in wid their milkman. I intend to get the sucker paralyzed drunk and put Paris green in their milk."

Just here the supper-bell rang.

All went in to supper, and plans for retaliation against the Mulcahys were postponed for future discussion.

When supper was about half through, Muldoon got up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there will be one more boarder added to the gang to-night. I expect him every moment."

"Is it an adult?" simpered Polly Daddle, an old maid.

"No, it is a man."

"What does the riddle call himself?" Edwardo Geoghegan inquired.

"Pedro Guligani."

"Holy Moses!" shouted Edwardo, "it is a gutthersnipe!"

"A what?" queried Mrs. Fitz Murphy.

"A monkey-ater. A son av a hand-organ from Italy."

The alderman put down his knife and fork.

"Mr. Muldoon," said he, "yez may put me Saratogy thrunk upon the sidewalk. I move this instant!"

"Why?" Muldoon asked, in bewilderment.

"No Italian chape labor for me. The dirty macaroni chewers!"

"I skip, too," said Edwardo.

"Ditto," said Terry Rafferty.

"Allow me to say," said Mrs. Fitz Murphy, "that Italians are as good as any of us."

"Thru for yez," backed up Terry Rafferty, who changed sides like a weather-cock.

"I'd like an Italian for a beau," sighed Miss Krouse.

"Faix, they're just about your stripe," snickered Mrs. Fitz Murphy.

Then ensued a wordy war.

One faction wanted the Italian as a member of the menagerie and the other did not.

Things rapidly approached a climax.

Edwardo Geoghegan got up on his chair to lick Terry Rafferty, Mrs. Fitz Murphy prepared to cave Miss Nancy's head in with the castor, while Miss Nancy prepared to counter with a plate, and war was visible upon all sides.

"For Heaven's sake," implored Muldoon, arising and waving the carving-knife, "sit down, all av yez. Think av the reputation av me boarding-house!"

CHAPTER III.

Muldoon's words did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the boarders. They did not appear to care a copper for the reputation of his boarding-house.

"Begorra, I will not stay if ye confiscate me valise," said the alderman; "if we get a bloody Italian in here it is macaroni we'll be having for supper, dinner and dessert. It is a moon-eyed leper av a Chinaman yez will be having next, Mr. Muldoon, and filling us full av dog-pie."

"Shure, I don't object to an Italian," said Terry Rafferty.

"Anybody who's mother was an Esquimaux squaw shouldn't be particular about blood," said Edwardo Geoghegan.

"It's betther than having a father who died wid his hair cut," retorted Terry.

"Please explain," requested Edwardo.

"Ye know that yer father got six years for stealing tin cents off av a dead man's eyes, and died on the Island."

"Yez are a liar."

"Yez are a double one."

Edwardo took off his coat.

"Terence Rafferty," he said, as he pulled up his shirt-sleeves, "ye have been to your last moonlight picnic. Yez are doomed with a big D."

"Get out, you gas-house terrier," politely replied Terry. "I will break yez up so minute that it is Geoghegan soup we will ate for supper."

"Don't fight," pleaded Nancy Krouse, catching hold of Edwardo's arm.

"Stand aside, ye fairy queen," advised Edwardo; "lock the door and get out, all av ye."

"What for?" asked Miss Nancy.

"I want to kill him widout witnesses."

It was too much trouble to walk around by the wall after Terry, and therefore Edwardo pedestriated over the table.

He shook it violently as he did so, and a bowl of hot soup spilled all over Muldoon.

He jumped violently up, slipped and fell down upon the floor under the table.

"Show me the sucker that hit me and I'll paralyze him," he yelled. "Mrs. Muldoon, put ice on me head to kape me cool, or there will be blood shed."

Meanwhile Terry and Edwardo had got at one another.

They were having a regular rough-and-tumble in the most approved Battery style.

"Is this a free foight?" asked Mike Magee, a very quiet boarder, who kept a blacksmith shop, of the alderman.

"Yis," was that dignitary's reply.

"Anybody can inter?"

"Yis."

"Yez are sure?"

"Yis."

That was all that Mr. Magee desired.

He hauled off and hit the alderman a crack in the jaw that nearly knocked him through the side of the house.

"Bedad," roared Mr. Magee, "this is a free fight and I am in it. Whoop! I'm a Tipperary wild ape, and can ate men, women and children."

"Bad cess to yez, sure yez have dislocated me jaw," wailed the alderman. "Howly murder, I'll strike ye wid spasms."

The alderman grabbed hold of a smoked ham.

Creeping up behind Magee he let him have it on top of the head.

Magee went down like a bull.

"Whirra, I am a hard hitter from Rockaway," blowed the alderman, strutting up and down; "I am half hyena and half tiger. I am——"

Here the alderman dropped.

Somebody hit him with a chair and he went down to gaze at the pictures on the carpet.

The fight had become general.

All hands were involved in it, and it was literally a free fight. Everybody felt perfectly free to hit everybody else, and did so.

Muldoon had bawled at the contestants at the top of his voice, but he might as well have walked around the block and whispered into a letter-box for all the good it did.

"Gentlemen—leddies!" he begged, "for Heaven's sake moderate your enthusiasm. Kape yer shirts on, will yez? This is a dacent house; it is not a menagerie. Please kape quiet or it will be ten dollars or ten days for the whole lot av yez."

The boarders refused to stop their circusing. They began to utilize the furniture for belligerent purposes.

Muldoon got wild.

"Begorra!" he gasped, "Edwardo Geoghegan, dhrop that chair. Sure, they cost me fifty cints a dozen. If yez will kill Rafferty, do it wid a spittoon."

Edwardo refused to listen.

He flung the chair at Rafferty, who agilely dodged.

The chair spun through the air, upset a picture, and smashed into parts against the wall.

Muldoon got the ambitious Edwardo by the neck, and slugged him under the ear.

"Lave go av me!" bawled Edwardo. "I'll cut yez!"

"If yez do an' I find it out I'll butcher yez!" threatened Muldoon. "Yez are all a pack of darty loafers."

"Do yez hear that, b'ys?" vociferated Edwardo. "The gorilla insinuates that we are all darty loafers. Let's clane out this cold morgue."

"The boarding-house is a morgue, is it?" asked Muldoon.

"Yis," replied Edwardo.

"A morgue is a place where they store corpses."

"Yez are right!"

"Thin, Edwardo Geoghegan, yez will be the first corpse in the morgue," and Muldoon stood up and somehow knocked Edwardo in the back of the neck in a way which completely prostrated that bad man.

"Oh, gracious, he's killed!" wailed Miss Nancy.

"Go for the murderher!" cried Terry Rafferty.

They did go for poor Muldoon on all sides. They got him up in a corner, and piled chairs onto him, and kicked him, and hit him, and called him names, and otherwise abused him.

How long the fight would have kept up is a question, had it not been for the arrival of Mrs. Muldoon's ram.

Young Roger Muldoon had strolled up into the bath-room.

He suddenly reflected what a good chance it was to put the ram into the bath-tub, and give it a hot bath.

The fact that the ram was bigger than the bath-tub did not bother Roger in the least.

Accordingly he filled the tub full of water, and released the ram.

Without the least warning the ungrateful beast butted Roger headfirst into the tub, and careened downstairs full tilt.

It stopped at the dining-room door, and took a survey of the insurrection inside.

"A free fight," it seemed to say. "Oh, count me in!"

It commenced operations by butting the alderman through the front window.

Then it slung Mrs. Muldoon into the china closet, and fired Mike Magee after her.

A squad of police could not have cleared that room as effectively as the ram did.

Soon nobody was left but Muldoon.

He attempted strategy.

He crept slowly along the edges of the room toward the door.

"Ah, old man," he chuckled to himself, "it is a magnificent brain-pan yez own. Ye are a natural-born diplomat, and yez name should be changed to Napoleon. See me get away from the buffalo."

He chuckled a little too soon.

The ram suddenly rushed across the room, and knocked him into a little closet.

There was a dumb-waiter in the little closet.

Muldoon bounced upon it.

It was loaded with dishes.

Down it went, to his great consternation, landing him with a bump upon the kitchen floor, and firing him out, amidst a shower of broken crockery, to the terrific surprise of Johanna, the cook, who immediately went into kicking fits.

"Begob, it war a bull's-eye for the ram," groaned Muldoon, picking himself up.

After a lively and exciting chase by all hands, the ram was secured and fastened down into the sub-cellar, young Roger being picked out of the bath-tub, and promised to have his head chopped off if he ever touched the gentle beast again.

As was usual in Muldoon's boarding-house, everybody was

as good friends again in half an hour as if they had never disagreed.

While they were sitting on the back stoop that night, they noticed a black object hopping down the yard.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Fitz Murphy.

"Perhaps it is a bison," hazarded Miss Paddle, who got completely over her head when she talked natural philosophy.

"I think meself it is a whale," sarcastically said Muldoon. "Shall I go down and talk up its antecedents?"

"Yis," said everybody.

Muldoon went down.

He gazed upon the creature.

A holy light beamed upon his countenance.

"Bridget!" he bawled to his wife, "sind Johanna out wid the wash boiler to the Dutchman's, afther a gallon av Milwaukee. By Heavens, I have sthruck a bonanza."

"What?" queried his wife.

"Mulcahy's educated bull toad!"

"An educated bull toad?" Miss Paddle asked.

"Yis," replied Muldoon, as he put the creature in his pocket, "and he calls it Mary Ann because, he says, it has such an education."

"What can it do?"

"Faix, iverything. It can climb up a fairy ladder and ring a dumb-bell; shoot off a little cannon, and get drunk as naturally as a man. Mulcahy lassoeed it wid a crab net back av Montreal. It wur floating down the Potomac on a cake av ice."

"Will you keep it?" Miss Krouse asked.

"I intend to explode it," said Muldoon. "I will get square with Mulcahy, if blood flows loike wather. Terry Rafferty, ye boulevard cockroach!"

Terry Rafferty, used to these little pet names of affection, smilingly responded.

"Have yez any firecrackers left over from the Fourth av July? Shure, I saw yez blowing up Mrs. McCarthy's ash-barrel as if yez were not yet out av pantalettes."

Terry blushingly acknowledged that he had one cracker left.

"A big one," he said.

"Produce it before the court," Muldoon ordered.

Terry brought it.

Muldoon shoved it down into the frog's stomach, it being one of these animals' peculiarities that you can stuff almost anything into their stomachs with very little effort.

The firecracker fitted nicely.

The stem just appeared out of the frog's mouth.

"Shure, he was born for the business," declared Terry Rafferty. "Shall I set the fireworks off, sir?"

"Won't it hurt the poor creature?" put in Miss Paddle.

"Divil a bit, ma'am," was Muldoon's reply, "he won't know that he is dead till afther he's been kilt, and then he'll wonder how it was done so quickly. Terry, will yez assist me? Confine the noble bird to the fence."

Mr. Rafferty did.

The frog was soon securely affixed to the fence which parted the Muldoon and Mulcahy demesnes.

"Sure, the pyrotechnics would be incomplete without the presence of Mulcahy," said Muldoon. "Will yez halloo for him, Edwardo Geoghegan?"

Edwardo was nothing loath.

Edwardo had occasionally sang for days beside a clam wagon, and consequently he had a voice which would have aroused the envy of an army mule.

"Mike Mulcahy, ye bald-headed old bum, come out!" he yelled.

Mulcahy responded.

He appeared upon his piazza with an ax in his hand.

"Touch off the bull toad," said Muldoon.

Rafferty did so.

Little sparks of fire from the cracker's stem began to spit into the air.

"What do yez want?" Mulcahy inquired, peering over the fence.

"Luk at the bull toad, ye terrier! Luk at the bull toad!" shrieked Muldoon.

Mulcahy gazed.

He beheld his precious pet lashed to the top of the fence emitting fire.

"Holy Moses! what ails the frog?" cried he.

"Luk at the bull toad, ye terrier! Luk at the bull toad!" repeated Muldoon.

Hardly had the words left his mouth before there was a flash and a sudden report.

Mulcahy's educated frog, Mary Ann, flew in all directions.

"That pays up for ilivating me wid a sky-rocket."

Mulcahy did not think so.

"Ye have kilt poor Mary Ann," cried he.

"The ividence points to sich a result," admitted Muldoon.

"I will have yez arrested."

"Ye cannot."

"Why not?"

"I am solid wid the masses. My perlitical infloence wid the court-house is stupendous. Mulcahy, I have the best av ye, ye Tipperary bumboat woman."

"I will be revenged," Mulcahy declared, as he vanished to pick up what he could of his educated frog, "or me name is Dennis wid a big D."

We have before mentioned that Hippocrates Burns was a boarder at Muldoon's.

Hippocrates was a genius.

At least he so imagined.

He wore his hair long, sported a low collar, which nearly exposed his bosom, wrote poetry, and had a mania for musical instruments.

First he bought an accordeon.

Muldoon suffered in silence.

Next he purchased a guitar.

Muldoon ground his teeth.

At last Hippocrates got hold of a big trombone, and began practicing "Grandfather's Clock," with variations. The variations were worse than the original clock, if possible.

Muldoon could stand it no longer.

One night, after Hippocrates had favored the neighborhood with trombone solos for three hours and a quarter, he called him down.

"Hippocrates Burns," he solemnly said, "do yez wish to convert me establishment into a mad-house?"

Hippocrates denied any such desire.

"Thin," said Muldoon, "yez must embalm it."

"Embalm what?" queried Hippocrates.

"The trombone."

"An' why?"

"Yez will make a graveyard out av the block if yez keep on with your playing. It is a misdemeanor."

"Mrs. Jiggers, across the way, says she likes it; it makes her think of the days of her youth," pleaded Hippocrates.

"Very probably Mrs. Jiggers tinned monkeys in a menagerie when she was a girl."

"Old Colonel Balls likes it, too."

"Old Colonel Balls is as deaf as a stone wall. Shure, he would enjoy a boiler manufactory over his head. Hippocrates, I am giving it to yez for your own good."

"Why?"

"Yez know Terry Rafferty?"

"Yis."

"He bought a horse-pistol and a carbine last night, an' inquired av me very quietly if yez had any relatives who would be desirous to hear of yer death."

Hippocrates appeared to give up. He put his trombone away for a while and dissembled.

But he was resolved upon revenge.

A new boarder at Muldoon's was Doctor Victor Napoleon Rochambeau.

He was French.

He was fiery.

He had an idea that he was the smartest man France ever produced, and, as a physician, simply "la grande."

Somehow, though, Americans, as a people, did not think so. The doctor's practice was very small. But seeing that he paid his board, Muldoon did not care if the only patient he ever had was a sick cow.

One evening, the doctor sat in the parlor reading a very big and no doubt very fascinating work on tumors:

We assume that it was very fascinating, for the doctor paid no attention to several remarks addressed to him by others.

"Faix, he's completely evaporated in the ould book," said Muldoon.

"Let's wake him up," suggested Hippocrates.

"How?"

"I will get my trombone."

"Shure, that would wake the dead."

"You can take it and blow into his ear. See him jump!"

The idea appeared very humorous to Muldoon.

"Procure the creature," he said.

Hippocrates was rather long in returning with the instrument.

He explained it by stating that he had mislaid the trombone and could not find it at first.

Still there was a quiet smile of a fiendish nature which should have warned Muldoon, though probably he did not notice it.

"It will not explode?" Muldoon remarked, as he took the trombone.

"Oh, no!"

"There is no touching av a concealed spring and having a dagger inter yer hand?"

"Nothing at all."

"Whist, then, see me wake up ould frog-eater. Be Heavens, I will blow his ear off!"

Muldoon crept up behind the engrossed doctor with a cat-like tread.

He put the trombone to his lips and took a deep breath.

Placing the mouth of the instrument at the doctor's ear, he blew violently.

There was a muffled sound, and a perfect cloud of flour issued forth and covered the doctor.

"Holy Jerusalem!" gasped Muldoon, "I have blown the intrails out av the trombone!"

The doctor jumped up as if somebody had touched him with a red-hot poker.

"Mon Dieu!" he stuttered from out of a floury mouth. "Vat beggar did zat zing?"

"Me," said Muldoon.

"Vat for you do it?"

"For fun."

"By gar, sir, you call dat fun. Sacre, bimeby you come up here an' cut ze leg off of me. Zat you call fun, sare?"

"Begob, yez luk loike a snow-man," grinned Muldoon.

This only got the Frenchman wilder.

"You vos one Irish pig," he said.

"By Heaven, I always suspected it," answered Muldoon, good-humoredly.

"You smell vare bad."

"Deluge me wid gulf rum, ye Parisian coquette."

"You vos nobody's son. By gar, sare, you vos a—vot you call it—a—Fenian. Zere, zat is vat you was."

"Oh, go rub against a broom and relieve yourself av flour," Muldoon advised. "Faix, it is a beautiful statue yez would make for a summer garden. Or perhaps it is an ornamental fountain we could make av yez wid wather spurting from yer head."

The fiery doctor got madder than a monkey with its tail cut off.

He hopped around like a puppet in a Punch and Judy show, and actually spit at Muldoon.

"Zere!" he bawled. "I offer you insult vorse zan I would to von pig. You must fight me ze duel."

"Docthur Rollinspires," solemnly said Muldoon, "yez have salivated upon me personality."

"Zen fight me ze duel."

"Shut up, ye frog-ater or I'll spit on yez in return and dround yez. As I were saying, ye have insulted me and—"

"Zen fight me ze duel."

"You have offered gross indignation to me person and to me—"

"Zen fight me ze duel!" bawled the doctor, dancing maniacally around.

Utterly out of patience, Muldoon picked him up bodily.

"Open the door of the morgue, Hippocrates," he said.

It was done.

Muldoon fired the doctor out of the house and down the front stoop.

"There is an Italian organ-grinder around the corner who has lost his monkey," sarcastically shouted Muldoon. "Ye will get the situation upon application."

The poor doctor was out into the street.

His floury aspect and general comical expression drew a crowd of boys.

They called him names, pelted mud at him, and otherwise abused him.

He started to get into Muldoon's again.

Muldoon's form barred the way.

"No return checks," he said, gruffly.

"But I want to get in."

"Shure, I jest fired yez out."

"I vos not a spectacle for ze boulevard."

"Then go to the Battery."

"Hurray!" yelled the crowd of boys, and a brick whizzed past the doctor's head.

All of his valiant feelings had evaporated.

"Monsieur Muldoon," he said, "I make ze apology."

"Yez can't here," sturdily replied Muldoon. "I have no license for a manufactory."

"I beg ze pardon."

"Now ye are talking American. Ye may enther, but it is two dollars more a week you will have to pay me for rescuing yez from the infuriated mob!"

"Mon Dieu! and zey call zis ze land of ze free," growled the doctor, as he ducked in.

CHAPTER IV.

"Muldoon," said his wife one day, "have yez read the papers this morning?"

"I have not," was the emphatic reply.

"An' why?"

"Bekase I am qualifying meself for jury duty. Whin I forget all av me book larning intirely, I intend to run for alderman. But why do yez ax me the riddle, Bridget?"

"Bekase av the robbery."

"What robbery?"

"There was a house on Fifth avenue entered last night, the people garroted with chloroform, an' everything valuable took away in a hand-cart."

"What do I care if they took it away in a hand-wagon."

"But robbers might enter here. What would yez do?"

"Begorra, I'd wait till they found something valuable and take it away from them. Shure, if they'd only purloin Hippocrates Burns' trombone I'd stand in wid the gang."

Mrs. Muldoon, however, did not consider it a subject for joke.

She kept on at Muldoon until he finally got a burglar alarm. It was fixed up with the greatest care on every door and window, and Muldoon became quite proud of it.

He showed it to all his friends, and expatiated upon its merits.

"I set the alarm," he said, "an' if a burglar tries to get in, in five seconds there is a precinct of police, a regiment of soldiers, and a fire boat at the house. Begorra, it is a foine invention!"

Muldoon soon had reason to change his mind.

It happened thus:

He was out to a small party at Cornelius Flynn's, the hatter.

They had singing.

They had dancing.

They had rale ould Kilkenney whisky that would warm the pulse of a stone man.

What with the whisky and the other enjoyments, Muldoon started for home in a rather uncertain state.

It would be a big lie to say that he was drunk, but it would be a bigger to say that he was sober.

In fact, he was in that jovial condition when he would have liked to tie a string to the moon and fly it for a kite.

He tripped gayly up his front stoop.

"Rise, Sally, rise,
Wipe your eyes out
Wid yer frock,
As sung by——"

warbled he, suddenly stopping in the midst of the chorus.

"Howly Moses in a ham-basket!" ejaculated he, "if I haven't forgot me night-key! Shure, I loaned it to the alderman to put on his shoes wid, an' the sucker has neglected to return it!"

Here was a dilemma.

Two o'clock in the morning.

"If I ring Mrs. Muldoon up she'll play Indian wid me, an' scalp me wid a poker," he reflected. "Perhaps the basement door is ajar."

He went to look.

The basement door was most permanently and persistently locked.

He was meditating whether or not it would pay to crawl down through the coal-hole, when one of the lower windows attracted his eye.

A careless servant had left it unlatched. But in his joy Muldoon could have presented the careless servant girl with a gold medal.

"Be Heavens! I am saved!" he joyfully exclaimed. "I can creep in, turn the clock around to nine p. m., and give the old woman a devil av a lecture for going to bed so early."

Full of the noble scheme he raised the window.

Mrs. Muldoon, tired of waiting for the return of her lord, had gone to bed. Previously she set the alarm.

The result of Muldoon's window raising was that he gave the burglar alarm all over the house.

Mrs. Muldoon gave vent to a shrill shriek.

"Burglars!" she bawled.

Everybody was astir.

Edwardo Geoghegan appeared with a double-barreled shotgun, which, as the hammers were missing, and one barrel gone, was not the most deadly weapon possible.

Terry Rafferty loomed up picturesquely in a night-shirt two sizes too small, and a perfect terror of a sword, which was constantly getting between his legs and tripping him up.

Even Hippocrates Burns sallied forth with a rusty harpoon,

which he had bought at an auction just because it was cheap and might come in handy if he wanted to go whale fishing ever.

But the alderman was a terror.

He had a big razor in one hand and a hatchet in the other.

"Show me the robbers!" requested he. "Begorra, I'll butcher the mob. Mrs. Muldoon, me blood is up; sind for ambulances."

"Where are the banditti?" asked Hippocrates.

"The who?" asked Edwardo.

"The banditti."

"Is it alive?"

Hippocrates mildly explained, as he came within an ace of running his harpoon into the alderman's eye, that banditti meant robbers.

"Thin say so," reproved Edwardo. "This is not a time to talk in Portuguese. Mrs. Muldoon, where did the alarm originate?"

"The basement window," sobbed she, "and I left twelve napkin-rings, real fire-gilt, on top av the refrigerator."

"Lade on, alderman," sternly said Edwardo. "If I accidentally get killed and I don't recover, yez will wake me wid elegance, Mrs. Muldoon?"

Mrs. Muldoon promised.

But the prospect of the sudden end of the noble Edwardo so overpowered her that she felt she would faint.

"Air—air!" she cried.

"Johanna," ordered Edwardo, to the trembling servant girl, "procure a peck av air for your mistress. Fan her wid yer shoe."

The alderman started downstairs. Terry Rafferty followed, while Edwardo brought up the rear.

Hippocrates went third.

From some mysterious source he had procured a dark-lantern.

He flashed it about in a style which caused the rest of the party to jump with surprise at about every step.

When he was not doing this he was jamming his harpoon into somebody.

"Get a drum and bate it, Rafferty," growled the alderman, as Hippocrates lit up the whole hall with his lantern.

"What for?" was the whispered reply.

"To let the burglars know we're coming."

"We don't want to let them know."

"Yes, we do. Hippocrates is making a torchlight procession out av it, an' we might as well add music to the other features."

Poor Hippocrates was so moved by the sarcastic remark that he immediately let go of his harpoon.

It rattled down the stairs with noise enough to wake a corpse.

"Ah, this is Fourth av July," said the alderman, ferociously. "Make all av the racket yez can. Kick out the banisters, Hippocrates, and roll downstairs yerself."

By the way of reply, Hippocrates tried to walk with the airy tread of a sylph.

He was so much engrossed in this that he neglected to watch when he turned his lantern.

Once more the hall, stairs, and surroundings, were bathed in light.

"If we had a barge we could go on a moonlight picnic," giggled Edwardo.

"If I had a coffin there would be a funeral," suggestively added the alderman. "Hippocrates Burns."

"Sir," meekly answered the unhappy youth addressed.

"Put that St. Vitus dance lantern down."

Hippocrates put it upon the top step.

"Now, sit upon it."

Hippocrates did.

"Now," added the alderman, "if either av yez move it is dead yez are. Let the procession proceed."

Lacking Hippocrates, the brave defenders of Muldoon's boarding-house moved forward.

They were almost to the basement.

Meanwhile Muldoon had got safely through the window.

It was totally dark inside.

Muldoon started for the door.

He tripped onto one chair, raked his shins against a second, and finally fell flat over a third.

"Begob," groaned he, "there is a thousand chairs if there is wan insoide av this chateau. It grows chairs or I am a liar."

Picking himself up as best he could, he tried to get to the door again.

It appeared to have totally vanished, or else to be up on the ceiling.

Right in the midst of his attempt to walk over a fourth chair, the upstairs brigade arrived.

"Thank Heaven—it is some of the boarders!" said Muldoon, rushing forward to meet them.

The alderman construed the act into a hostile demonstration. By the dim light which issued through the open door he could just see Muldoon's form.

"Surrender, you thafe!" he yelled, waving his razor, "or I'll cut the whole neck off av yez!"

"Shall I shoot the sucker?" said Edwardo, fooling with his wonderful gun.

"Don't yez recognize me?" asked Muldoon, recoiling.

"Ye are Sing Sing Jack," sternly replied the alderman. "Surrender!"

"I am Terence Muldoon."

"You are a liar!"

"But I can prove it."

"Yez can prove nothing. Hould up yer hands or I'll brain yez wid me tomahawk!"

Muldoon's temper, never of the most peaceable, began to rise.

"Get out av the way, ye galoot," said he. "I want to go up stairs."

"To murder Hippocrates Burns and stale his magic-lantern? Never!" said the alderman.

Muldoon attempted to get past. The result was a free fight. It was three against one, and the ending could easily be predicted.

They got Muldoon down and pounded him till he bawled for mercy.

"Yield, villain!" dramatically said Terry Rafferty.

"Go soak yer head—get off av me," mumbled Muldoon. "Bedad, it's a put-up job to assassinate me!"

"We have him dead," announced the alderman. "Edwardo."

"Yis, sur."

"Go upstairs."

"Yis, sur."

"And tell Hippocrates to come down wid his calcium light. I believe it is Chinese Barney we have captured."

Edwardo went.

Apparently upon the wings of the wind, because it was not over a minute before he returned with Hippocrates and his lantern.

He flashed it, by some wonderful accident, just where it was wanted, upon Muldoon's face.

There was a universal cry of astonishment.

"Yez may swallow your artillery sword, Terry," quietly remarked the alderman. "It is Muldoon."

And a most battered up Muldoon, too. His eyes were both black, and his nose was awful proud. It had swelled to double its usual size. His jaw was cut, and his hands fearfully scratched.

"Look at me," he said. "Here is a sign-board for a hospital."

"Ye should not have pedestrianated through the windy," sagely said the alderman.

"Why?"

"Yez rang the burglar alarm. We tuk ye for a thafe."

A light dawned upon Muldoon.

He went to his wife's room as if he was bound to beat the record.

"Mother av Moses!" cried she, "have yez been clubbed by the police, Terry? Faith, the soight av yez would scare a horse-car off av the track!"

"Procure me a boat-hook!" savagely requested Muldoon. "I intend to pull down every burglar alarm in the house. Mrs. Muldoon, yez will entice me to wife-murder wid your grand new notions!"

He was as good as his word. Thereafter the boarding-house was bereft of burglar alarms, and Muldoon did not go out for a week.

"Bedad, afther this, I'll have a gross av night keys made and carry twelve in me socks," he said.

He got well just in time to perpetrate another brilliant bull.

Mrs. Muldoon owned a yellow dog.

So did the Mulcahys.

They were almost alike, and it was very hard to tell them apart. In order to do this Muldoon procured a blue collar for his dog. Not to be left behind, Mulcahy decked his canine up in a pink one.

One afternoon Muldoon was loafing in front of the house when he saw what he thought to be Mulcahy's dog, making love to an ash-barrel.

"Blessed Vargin!" chuckled he, "there is Mulcahy's bull terrier. And he ain't got a muzzle. Muldoon, it is your duty, as a citizen, to arrist the terrier."

Muldoon proceeded down to Bernard McNulty's, who kept a family liquor store on the corner.

There he found Denny Sullivan, a red-headed, broad-shouldered young chap, who served the city as a dog catcher, loafing around.

"Why are ye not at yer duty, Denny?" asked Muldoon.

"Divil a dog," was Wenny's reply.

"Have yez caged them all?"

"Ivery wan."

"Denny, you rascal," jocularly said Muldoon, "ye are giving me salt on a bird's tail. There is a most ferocious beast av a dog outside."

"Is he muzzled?"

"No. Not even a bit av court plaster on his mouth."

"Who does he belong to?"

"Nobody. Begob, I conjecture he has the hydrophobia. He was trying to ate a lamp-post when I entered."

But Denny did not appear to be very desirous of catching the dog. The liquor saloon was cool and shady, the street was warm and dusty. Besides, it was quite a distance to the pound.

Muldoon stirred him up.

"Denny," said he, "if yez will stroll forth an' capture the kiyoodle, I will give yez a dollar."

Denny would have captured his own grandmother for that sum.

He went out into the street with Muldoon.

The dog was there yet, head over heels into a soap box.

Denny was up behind him in a minute.

In another minute the dog was a captive.

"Phat do they do with the divils up at the pound?" inquired Muldoon.

"Drown 'em," Denny answered.

"Does any dog ever escape by swimming?"

"Niver."

"But this one may," reflected Muldoon. "Denny, will yez furst hit the dog wid an ax before yez drown him?"

Denny promised.

"And sind him upon the ocean blue wid a paving-stone around his bust?"

Denny promised this, too.

"Thin may Heaven speed yez," fervently said Muldoon, as he went home.

He passed the Mulcahy residence with a chuckle on his lips.

"Mulcahy, ye African mick, yez may put crape upon yer door—yer dog is dead," he said, feeling good all over.

Supper was ready when he got in the house.

The boarders were laughing heartily at something.

Muldoon wanted to find out what the joke was.

"Yez are very hilarious," he remarked. "Phat institutes the jocularity?"

"Such a joke," snickered Miss Fresh.

"What was?"

"Edwardo's."

"What did he do?"

"Mixed the dogs."

"Edwardo, ye rascal," smiled Muldoon, "what little buttercup business have ye been at?"

Edwardo grinned the grin of a man who had done something awfully comical.

"Yez should have perceived Mulcahy?" he said.

"Phat did the orang-outang do?"

"Clubbed his own dog wid a ball bat. Shure, it was fun."

"Edwardo, yez are declaiming in conundrums," said Muldoon; "why did Mulcahy chastise his canine wid a ball bat?"

"'Cos he thought it was yours."

"An' why?"

"Didn't I get the dogs together this morning and change their collars?"

Muldoon's face got as white as a sheet.

"Ye changed the dogs' collars, ye cross-eyed offspring av a jail-bird!" he yelled, as he dropped the pickle he was about to bite.

"Yis."

"Thin, Edwardo Geoghegan!" exclaimed Muldoon, "ye have ruined me! Be Heavens, I have paid a dollar to have me own dog drowned!"

So he had.

He rushed straight up to the dog pound.

His dog had not yet got drowned, but it cost him two dollars to get the creature out of the clutches of the law.

For about a week after that it was not safe to mention dog to Muldoon.

And Edwardo, gifted with great wisdom, had his meals sent to his room, and kept out of Muldoon's way.

Muldoon was never in his life out of a scrape for over a week at a time.

There seemed to be a malicious genius pursuing him who was always getting him in some trouble or other.

It was terribly hot one day.

One of those blistering, sweltering days which sometimes

sweep suddenly over New York and render it a sort of oven. A day when even the bricks sweat, so to speak.

Most of Muldoon's boarders had knocked off work and come home long before supper.

They sat about the yard, a sweaty, collarless, hatless crowd of growlers.

As for Muldoon himself, he was swearing at the weather with forty horse power.

He was stripped to his undershirt, and had a fan as big as a front door in his hand, but still he was getting hotter all of the while.

"I'd give tin cents to be a haythen like those in the geography pictures, for thin all av the dress I would require would be a turkey feather in me hair," groaned Terry Rafferty.

"Bedad, the flesh is running off av me bones in a liquid state," feebly complained the alderman; "it is a pint of perspiration I will evaporate to in a second."

"Bejabers, it is hot enough to melt a monkey," sighed Edwardo.

"It is not," said Terry.

"An' why?"

"Shure ye are not melted yet!"

Probably if the weather had not been so sultry Terry would have got his head punched for his jocularity.

"Terence Rafferty," he said, "yez are too modern. Yez are too——"

"Howld yer whist," interrupted Muldoon, "I have a mastodon idea."

"What is it?" interrupted the alderman.

"We will go say bathing."

"Shure, it costs a quarter," objected Hippocrates Burns, whose weekly salary was not much more than ten times that amount.

"Yez are altogether too particular," replied Muldoon; "we do not intend to hire a swimming bath. Be Heavens, we belong to the gang. We'll go say bathing off av the dock."

Muldoon's suggestion was carried.

Soon hats and coats were donned, bathing tights tucked away in pockets, and most of Muldoon's male boarders were on their way to take a cooling plunge into the river.

They soon arrived at a quiet dock.

It did not take long for them to undress and pile their clothes behind some timber.

Edwardo was in first.

He took a magnificent header into the water, and owing to a slight miscalculation of depth, landed about three feet into the mud.

His feet only were visible.

"Shure, he's a splendid swimmer," remarked Muldoon; "he can float head downward."

"Pull him out!" roared Terry Rafferty, "he'll drown."

"Divil a bit," replied Muldoon.

"Why not?"

"He's born to be hung, the outlaw. Bejabers, I think he imagines he is a harbor buoy."

Terry did not waste any more words, but by considerable muscular effort succeeded in extricating his fellow boarder.

A few minutes more in the mud would have settled Edwardo. As it was his face was covered with mud, and he breathed with difficulty.

He jawed his companions roundly for their neglect.

"If it hadn't been for Terry Rafferty I'd drowned," he complained.

"Why did we iver bring Terry Rafferty along, thin?" groaned Muldoon, as he dove square into the alderman's stomach, to that gentleman's left-handed delight.

For a while they splashed about in the water, like so many amphibious mermen.

Suddenly Hippocrates Burns, who was onto the dock, gave vent to a cry of alarm.

"Have yez a spasm?" queried Muldoon.

"Cheese it—the cops!" bawled Hippocrates.

"Phat av it?" answered Muldoon; "we have bathing pantalletes on."

"But this is a private dock."

"Begob, I thought it wur wood!"

"No bathing av any sort is permitted, and the peelers are instructed to arrest any one found trespassing."

Looks of horror were exchanged by the bathers.

The police, quite a squad of them, were rapidly advancing down the dock.

"Ten days for the gang," prophesied Mike Magee.

"Ah, the divil fly away wid 'em!" Muldoon declared; "they can't catch us. We are in the wather, and they ain't. It is not spoil their poll-parrot brass buttons they will to come in after us."

In order to show that he was not afraid, he climbed into a boat near by.

The police came down to the dock.

Edwardo Geoghegan and Hippocrates had sneaked out of the water, and were rapidly dressing.

"Come out of that!" bawled the roundsman in command of the police to the bathers.

"In me moind!" returned Muldoon.

"You won't?"

"Whin I get ready."

"When will that be?"

"Next Christmas."

The roundsman was a man of great executive ability.

He quietly ordered his men to grind onto the swimmers' clothes.

It was done.

"Howly Moses!" exclaimed Mike Magee, as he dove off the dock with one boot on, "good-by to me wardrobe."

Muldoon stood up in the boat.

"Ye blue-bellied gorillas," he cried, shaking his fist at the police, "dhrop me garments, or I'll pulverize the mob av yez!"

Just then the boat in which he was got loose, and began to drift down stream.

CHAPTER V.

We will follow Muldoon's fortunes, leaving the rest of the crowd to the tender mercy of the police upon the pier.

Muldoon was so mad when he saw a big-nosed peeler pick up his hat and stretch it to about the size of an accordeon, that he did not stop to think that he was adrift on the deep blue sea.

"Ye pigeon-toed galoot!" he bawled at the peeler, "put down that hat. Do ye take it for an accordeon?"

By way of reply the addressed poked his club through the crown of the hat.

"That's right!" shrieked Muldoon; "punch it full of apertures. Take it down to the City Hall and strain moonlight through it. Ah, ye Greenpoint clubber, I'll have ye broke for it."

But nobody appeared to pay the slightest bit of notice to his threats, and he looked about him.

The pier was receding away.

The small boat which he was in was gayly tossing down toward the bay. It was too far to swim ashore.

"Howly Moses!" groaned he, "this is a splendid water picnic. Adrift in a floating coffin widout even a spoon to row wid."

He espied a dainty yacht full of ladies and gentlemen tacking close to him.

"Help—help!" yelled he.

The yacht came around, and bore down upon him.

He noted the curious faces of the ladies peering at him from her deck.

Like a flash it came to him that he wasn't dressed at all. He had lost his bathing tights while climbing into the boat.

"Begorra, it is a marine monster that I am!" he exclaimed.

"I am an illegant addition to a playsure party. Twelve dollars, begob, wud I give for aven a red petticoat."

The yacht was almost alongside.

Muldoon crouched into his saucy ship's bottom with the agility of a cockroach.

"Sheer off!" he yelled.

The grizzled head of a veteran sailing-master appeared from under the yacht sail.

"What's the matter?" asked he.

"For the love av Heaven starboard your rudder," replied Muldoon. "Get away."

"Why did you cry for aid?" queried the other, who could not see Muldoon very distinctly.

"Yez lie—kape off. I have the small-pox."

The sailing-master headed off with great alacrity.

"You're drunk," he growled, as he swept away up the river. Muldoon rose to his feet.

Toot—toot—toot! sounded a whistle right in his rear.

He looked around.

A big ferry-boat was running him down, and the whistle was designed to order him out of the way.

For excellent reasons Muldoon could not have got out of the way of a canal-boat mule.

Toot—toot—toot! sounded the whistle for the second time.

"Play a tune!" howled Muldoon; "give us 'Pinafore,' yez sucker. Begorra, I could make a better whistle than that out av a gutter pipe."

Seeing that Muldoon would not get out of the way, the pilot of the ferry-boat succeeded by great efforts in stopping his

craft a short distance from Muldoon, who had retreated to the hold again, leaving only the upper part of his body visible.

"You blank gorilla, why in blank didn't you get out of the way?" yelled the pilot.

"Out av the way of what?" complacently asked Muldoon, who was getting reckless.

"Of the boat."

"Where's the boat?"

"Here, you blind Irish cannibal," informed the pilot.

Muldoon swept his eye critically over the ferry-boat. He embraced all of its points.

"Do yez call it a boat?" he finally queried.

"Of course."

"Bedad, I am so glad. Faix, I tuk it for a light-house."

The indignity offered to his boat roused the pilot's ire.

He returned into the wheel-house.

"Clear out or I'll run you down!" he threatened.

"Ye dassent."

"Why not?"

"Me gondola is constituted av cast iron. If yez iver hit it wid yer ould oak yez will explode."

"Get out!" roared the pilot, as he rang the bell to go ahead.

He did not collide with Muldoon's boat.

But he came so near it that there was no joking.

The passengers on board of the ferry-boat crowded to the rail to see the obstinate man who wouldn't get out of the way.

"Crickey, Bob, the duffer ain't got no clothes on!" howled a small boy.

Here was a grand chance for cheap wit, which the crowd did not let slide.

"Crawl on your ear!"

"Borry some fig-leaves!"

"Oh, you naughty man, where is your shirt?"

"Wonder what it's called when it's got its clothes on?"

"Tain't alive, anyhow. It's cork. It'll float if you spit on it."

These and many other jocular remarks of equal humor were bawled by the crowd at the hapless Muldoon.

He stood up in his boat and shook his fist vigorously at his tormentors.

"Jump off, ye Dutch tarriers, an' I'll drownd the whole av yez loike they do the other puppies at the dog pound!" invited he.

He was so engrossed in blessing the ferry-boat jokists that he did not notice a long-boat glide up by his.

A strong hand grasped his collar-bone.

He looked around.

A uniformed policeman had him, and in the boat in which the policeman stood were half a dozen of his mates, members of the harbor police.

"Howly St. Patrick!" cried Muldoon, gazing curiously at his captors, "are yez real? Begorra, it grows peelers to-day. If I should jump overboard I conjecture there wud be wan waitin' me arrival at the bed av the river."

"Say!" asked the roundsman in command of the police, "vos you grayzy?"

"Why?" queried Muldoon.

"Vot for you vos masquerading all about the river mit nod-dings on?"

"I couldn't help it."

"You couldn't helb id?"

"No."

"Den I couldn't helb arresting you also. Shakey, pud him mid der bottom of der boat."

"Kape your hands off, Jakey," ordered Muldoon, "or there won't be any Jakey left. Begorra, ye noble Teuton, I am a gintleman av playsure out for a sail. Do you comprehend me appellation?"

"Shakey," gasped the roundsman, "you vos studied Latin. Vot vos he gifing us?"

"Do yez know me name?" roared Muldoon.

"Vos it Shonny Velsh?" chuckled the roundsman.

"No, sir; it was Terence Muldoon."

Contrary to all expectations, the roundsman did not sink down paralyzed with awe upon his knees, and beg Muldoon's pardon.

"Dot vos all righd," he said. "Dere vos a poiler missing off of a poat ub here a leddle ways. Maybe I guess you vos stole id. Maype id vos hid apout you?"

"But I have no garments," Muldoon declared.

The roundsman winked very sagaciously.

"Dot vos all righd, too," answered he. "Maype you dink because I vos a Dutchman I vos a fool. Dot's where I make der mistake. Vait till we ged to the station-house, ve will search you. Chuck him into der bottom of der poat, Shakey."

The idea of searching a naked man for a steamboat boiler

supposed to be concealed about his person, showed such a great detective head, that Muldoon, in his awe, forgot to offer any resistance to being "chucked" by the muscular Jakey into the bottom of the police boat.

Tying Muldoon's boat on behind his own, the roundsman ordered his men to pull for one of the nearest docks.

And as Muldoon, lying at the bottom of the boat, was used as a sort of door mat and foot scraper, he enjoyed the sail ever so much.

Arriving at a pier a new difficulty occurred to the roundsman.

How was he to get Muldoon to the station-house? To be sure it was almost dark, but even then naked men were not generally accustomed to walk through the streets.

The roundsman scratched his head.

The only vehicle about was a hearse, which was waiting the arrival of somebody's remains upon some steamer or another.

The roundsman looked at the hearse, and he also looked at Muldoon.

"He vill fit dot hearse shust like de paper on de vall," he delightedly said.

Without further ado Muldoon was bundled into the hearse, the door slammed, and amidst the yells and cheers of the interested spectators, the hearse rattled off.

Muldoon was so completely stupefied by the events of the afternoon that he wouldn't have offered any resistance if they had buried him in a coal-hole.

Arriving at the station-house, Muldoon was hustled into a cell, without being allowed to communicate with his friends.

Next morning he was to be taken to Jefferson Market Police Court.

Here the same old difficulty intervened.

What would the public and press say to the presentation of a naked prisoner before the bar?

Muldoon must be arrayed in some clothes or other.

That was the verdict of the police. And finally an old police coat was found for him.

Of course it was too big all over, and fitted him with the easy grace of a meal-sack, but it was better than nothing.

He was marched down to the court, and shoved into the pen with the rest of the prisoners.

There were a lot of them, and a battered and bruised appearance they presented.

Yet their faces somehow seemed remarkably familiar to Muldoon.

At last he managed to get a good look at them.

"Yez can hit me wid a stuffed oyster," cried he, "if it ain't me boarders!"

A gentleman who was principally composed of court-plaster heard the cry.

He turned around.

"Muldoon!" he exclaimed.

"It is meself," answered our hero; "who are yez?"

"Ye don't identify me?"

"Divil a bit."

The court-plaster gentleman grinned in a most horrifying way.

"I am Edwardo Geoghegan," declared he.

"Hanged if yez are not correct," said Muldoon, taking a second look; "were ye run over by a strate sweeper?"

"We were arrested," sighed Edwardo.

"And got a dose av club sauce?" said Muldoon.

"Precisely."

Muldoon actually felt good to have company in his misfortune.

"Luk at the graduates av me boarding-house," exclaimed he, to a court officer.

Just then the justice came in.

He was feeling mad at something or other, and the way he rattled the cases off was a caution.

After the usual number of drunkards and disorderlies had been fined or waltzed off to the Black Maria, Stuyvesant Riley was called.

Stuyvesant Riley was a meek young boarder whom we have hitherto not mentioned, whose sole ambition was to be considered a Piccadilly swell.

"What is this man charged with?" inquired the justice.

"Bathing off of the docks," answered the clerk. "Officer Sweden, complainant."

Officer Sweden rattled off a break-neck account of the swimming racket, and the justice turned to Stuyvesant.

"What have you got to say?" asked he.

"Aw—aw—I couldn't help it aw—aw—aw, I've got six m-mothers an' a little—aw—sistah, an' it will kill them; please

let me go, an' I will—aw—never do it again," blubbered Stuyvesant.

"Give the baby a biscuit!" roared Muldoon.

"Silence!" cried the justice. "Stuyvesant Riley—ten dollars."

"I—I haven't got it. Take me watch," wailed Stuyvesant.

"Don't yer, judge. Ye wud get skinned, shure," interrupted Muldoon. "Bedad, the watch is made out av iron, wid pewter works. It is five cents a crate they are."

"Will you be still?" the justice snapped at Muldoon. "Stuyvesant Riley—ten days, and for Heaven's sake get your name changed when you come out or I'll make it twenty."

Poor Stuyvesant was waltzed off.

The alderman was called next.

The justice looked at him in surprise.

"Why, alderman, how did you get here?" he asked.

The alderman braced up.

"It wur police stupidity. I will reorganize the department to-morry," he said. "I wuz sitting on the dock enjoying the say breeze whin a policeman arrested me. It wur an outrage!"

"Give him poi for the lie—it was first in the water he was," said Muldoon.

"Do you know this—this curiosity?" queried the justice, directing the alderman's gaze to Muldoon.

"By reputation," was the alderman's reply.

"How is it?"

"Bad. I have me suspicions that he is a baby-farmer."

"Alderman Lobscouse, ye galvanized Mick, I will knock the flannel all out av yer mouth if I iver get out!" declared Muldoon. "Terence Muldoon a baby-farmer! Howly smoke!"

"Alderman, you are honorably discharged," said the justice, glaring hard at Muldoon. "Officer, arraign that nuisance."

Accordingly, Muldoon was stood in-front of the bar.

"Your name?"

"Terence Muldoon."

"Age?"

"Forty."

"Occupation?"

"Hotel proprietor and solid man ginerally."

"It seems," said the justice, "that you, not content with bathing when you had not ought to, went sailing around the harbor with nothing at all upon you."

"I had," protested Muldoon.

"What was it?"

"A striped sock, be Heaven!"

A titter ran through the court-room, and the justice frowned. "This is not a circus," he said.

"Faix, there's a clown upon the bench!" hoarsely whispered Edwardo Geoghegan.

"Who said that?" asked the judge.

"Hippocrates Burns," politely informed Edwardo.

"Ye are a patent-back liar," cried Hippocrates, plucking up courage.

Edwardo's fist flew out and took Hippocrates in the nose. He fell against Mike Magee, who kicked savagely back, missed Hippocrates, but scored upon Terry Rafferty.

The liveliest sort of a row ensued right there in court. All of Muldoon's boarders were pitching into one another, while a policeman tried vainly to stop it. As for Muldoon himself, he was howling forth a speech in self-defense which nobody at all was listening to.

Such a delightful scene as it was!

The justice pounded on his desk like a trooper, but it did no good.

"I am a respectable citizen wid a big pull in the ward, and it is a burning shame to—"

"Hit him in the smeller!"

"Slug the peeler, Edwardo!"

"Let me up or I'll bite yer eye!"

"—Sind me up for bathing, judge. The Dutch son av a gun who arrested me is in wid Mulcahy, an' it is a put-up job to—"

"Lave go av my hair, Mike!"

"Holy Moses, let me at the sucker!"

"Jump on me stomach ag'in, will yez; I'll—"

"—Ruin me house, justice, which is the pride av the Ninth Ward. Bedad, hackmen always point it out to travelers as one av the sights av the metropolis. Let me go, justice, dear, an'—"

"Hould the peeler down, Mike, till I walk on his back-bone."

"Where is me pistol? I'll put siven bullets in yer lung."

"Take yer teeth off me ear, ye feather-tongued tarrier."

"—An' I'll pray for yez nightly," said Muldoon, finishing his plea, which had been broken and marred by the interruptions from the fighting gang noted above.

Meanwhile the justice had sent out and borrowed a dozen policemen.

After a desperate struggle the fight was stopped and the fighters clubbed into submission.

The justice was mad enough to go out into Sixth avenue and bite the railroad track.

"Sixty days for the whole crowd," he said.

A wail went up from the prisoners' pen.

All hands began a frantic appeal to the justice. Muldoon howled himself hoarse about the injustice of the sentence, and threatened to fly at the justice, while a perspiring policeman vainly tried to hold him down.

The justice beat a perfect tattoo with his gavel.

"Si—lence! Si—lence!" screeched the court officer.

"Justice," appealed Muldoon.

"Shut up!" shouted the justice.

"Yer too fresh—yer nade salting," growled Muldoon.

"Three months for you!" declared the justice.

"Yer a bandy-legged ould fool!"

"Six months, you ruffian."

Muldoon's mad was up.

"Judge," he howled, "yez can sind me up for six years, but I'll tell yez to yer ugly face, you're a blamed ould jackass."

The justice fairly turned white with rage.

"Take the man out!" he ordered.

"Bejabers, yez can send for a palace-car—I won't walk!" vociferated Muldoon.

Neither he would.

It took the united efforts of six officers to carry him out of the court.

"Justice, ye four-eyed smelt," were his last words, "ye are doomed. I will purchase a murderer this very night."

Of course Mrs. Muldoon was half dead with terror at the boarding-house.

Nothing was heard from the gentlemen inmates all night long, and it was just being supposed by Mrs. Fitz Murphy that all hands had gone on a perennial drunk, when a messenger arrived with a note from Mr. Muldoon.

She tore it open.

In a scared, forced voice she read it aloud.

"JEFFERSON MARKET CELLS.

"DEAR BRIDGET:—Hire out the boarding-house for a velocipede hall. The whole coterie av us has been sent to the Island. Yez can come down wid a spy-glass to the East River shore an' watch us pulverize stones. Yours, wid love, MULDOON."

P. S.—If Roger has the croup give him goose grease."

A chorus of shrieks followed from the ladies.

"Muldoon breaking stones!" wailed his wife.

"Fitz Murphy in a striped suit aiting av bake-house biscuit!" exclaimed Mrs. F.

"Terry Rafferty wid his hair cut wid a machine," sobbed Miss Krouse.

"Mr. Edwardo in a dungeon cell!" panted Miss Fresh who entertained quite affectionate sentiments for the erring Edwardo.

A consultation was hurriedly had. Mrs. Muldoon put on her shawl.

"I am going around to see Comptroller Callahan," she said. "He will get them off. The idea av thim daring to lock up a politician loike me ould man!"

Off she went.

Comptroller Callahan, by some strange fortune, was at home, a very extraordinary circumstance for a public man.

"Oh, Mr. Callahan," sobbed she, "me Muldoon is arrested!"

As some one or other of Comptroller Callahan's friends was always getting arrested, he evinced no particular surprise.

"What for?" asked he.

"I don't know—oh, please get him out!"

Muldoon was a strong supporter of Callahan, and consequently he put on his hat, called a cab, and was whirled rapidly down to Jefferson Market.

He gave the surprised justice to know that he had done it now.

"Muldoon has a big pull in his district, and he's a big help to our party," he said.

"How in the deuce was I to know that a sort of scarecrow in policeman's coat and bare legs was one of our crowd?" growled the judge, forgetting that he had not given Muldoon a chance to prove his identity.

"You should have found out!" answered the comptroller. "You'll ruin the party if you ain't careful. It was only last week you nearly sent Micky Phelan up for a year for trying to kill an Italian. And Micky is head of the Dead Rabbits. Get Muldoon out right away."

"And his friends?"

"Release them, too."

The result of this brief dialogue was that Muldoon and his companions in misery arrived home about noon.

"Where is Alderman Lobscouse?" was Muldoon's first query.

Nobody knew.

He had not been seen.

"Wait till I see him—wait till I spot the sucker!" ominously declared Muldoon; "he is no white man, for he went back on the gang!"

CHAPTER VI.

The base way in which the alderman had taken care of number one and betrayed his friend, rankled in Muldoon's bosom.

"Be Heavens, Bridget," he said to his wife, "I will get square with the sucker."

"How?" queried Mrs. Muldoon.

"I'll fire all av his possessions out into the thoroughfare."

"Yez won't have to employ over a dozen to do it," smiled Mrs. Muldoon.

"Why?"

"All he possesses is a Hoboken thrunk wid two paper collars an' a poker-dot necktie into it, barring a rag-carpet valise."

"The wan wid a green poll-parrot aft an' a stick av licorice supposed to be a tree on its side?"

"Yes."

Muldoon went upstairs.

Assisted by the noble Edwardo he succeeded in putting the trunk and pictorial valise outside onto the sidewalk.

Then he placed himself in the parlor window to watch the alderman return.

Night came.

The shades of even fell over the marble yard opposite and dimmed the lustre of Denny Callahan, the copper's, brass buttons.

No alderman.

"Faix, I belave he has gone an' made way wid himself out av shame," reflected Muldoon. "I belave I will seek my couch."

He did.

Meanwhile the trunk and valise ornamented the sidewalk; nobody had the moral courage to steal them.

Just here we might as well relate what really had become of the political Lobscouse.

After his release he had sneaked out of court.

He felt remorseful for his betrayal of Muldoon.

He went into a drunk-store.

He stayed there.

"Begorra," he said, "I will get uproarious, ill-smelling, enraged intoxicated. Thin I will go home, an' if Muldoon gives me any of his hard language I will paralyze him!"

But it was not till nearly midnight that he got braced up enough to carry out his great scheme.

Then he started off for the boarding-house.

He felt just about equal to anything, from licking a lamp-post to upsetting a house.

Tacking unsteadily up the sidewalk, tumbling over the ash-barrels and occasionally whooping jocularly in a style that caused people to look out of the windows under the impression that a bloody murder was being committed, he at last fetched to the boarding-house.

It stood placid and quiet under the rays of the moon.

Reposing on the walk were the trunk and the pictorial valise.

The alderman looked at them.

"Begorra," he observed, "somebody has started a thrunk store in me absence an' forgot to take in stock. Suppose they were stole?"

Muldoon's coal-hole cover was loose.

It appeared to the alderman that it would be a philanthropic act to safely stow away the trunk and valise into the coal-hole.

He started to carry out his idea.

He lifted the valise first.

It seemed familiar.

Surely that green poll-parrot winked at him knowingly with its one bead eye.

"Howly Heaven!" exclaimed he, "it is me own satchel!"

Further investigation showed that the trunk was his also.

The truth flashed upon him, gloriously full as he was.

"It is dispossessed I am—me, Alderman Michael Lobscouse! All av me furniture placed out upon the Rialto by a flannel-

mouthed Mick wid mud on his teeth! Blessed St. Patrick. I will demolish Muldoon's whole structure!"

He had his night-key with him, and after various ingenious but unsuccessful attempts to open the door with its handle, he finally reversed it and got in.

The hall was dark, and he fell over something immediately.

"Setting infernal machines to blow me up upon me arrival," he meditated. "I must proceed wid care. Probably there is a torpedo at the foot av the stairs an' a wolf-trap on the second step."

He stooped to investigate the article which had caused his fall.

It was an ax.

Muldoon had been fixing a stair-rail, and had left the ax in the hall when he went to bed, in his usual happy-go-lucky style.

The alderman grasped it.

"Ah—ha! an ax!" said he. "Muldoon placed it so whin I came in I would fall upon it an' cut me jugular vein. Faix, I will chop up the whole chateau."

He was starting to make fire-wood out of the front door, when it suddenly occurred to him that he would like a drink of whisky as a send-off.

"I have a bottle full of Monongahela in me towel drawer, if Muldoon has not turned it into me slop-pail to make a free swimming bath for the cockroaches," remembered he.

By some miracle he reached his own room with but little noise.

It was unoccupied, a good thing, probably, for if the alderman had found any unlucky occupant he would have pitched him out of the window.

The whisky-bottle was there, too.

The alderman played hog.

He drank it all up.

The effect was to interfere sadly with his speech, which previously was pretty clear, and to get him into that playful condition, legally defined as "crazy drunk."

He lit the gas and deliberated whether to burn up his bed or not.

But he happened to catch a glimpse of himself still holding onto the ax in the glass.

"Wurra!" cried he. "What an iligant Indian. Begob, I'll go—hic—down after Muldoon, tie him fast to his bed, an'—hic—burn that up! Muldoon is—hic—awful greasy. Begorra, he'll make an iligant blaze! Alderman, nature intended yez for a—hic—Injun chief to wear red feathers in yer hair an'—hic—scalp."

Captivated with the noble originality of the idea, the alderman started downstairs to Muldoon's room.

It was temporarily occupied, for that night only, by the Fitz Murphys—Mr. Fitz Murphy, Mrs. Fitz Murphy and two young Fitz Murphys.

But of course he knew nothing of the change. He imagined that Muldoon still reposed there, and would be perfectly available for bonfire purposes.

He tried to get in.

The door was locked.

He battered it with his foot.

"Who's there?" cried Mrs. Fitz Murphy, in agitated tones.

A look of intense cunning stole over the alderman's face.

"Mush use—hic—strategy—brain work, begorra!" he hic-coughed.

"Who's there?" repeated Mrs. Fitz Murphy.

"Yez fazzer!" answered the alderman.

"My father?"

"Thash is Missus Muldoon—she is a—hic—ould cat," murmured the alderman. "Guess I'll tie her to the bed, too, and make a—hic—horrible blaze."

Then aloud:

"Yes'm; it's yez fazzer."

Now Mrs. Fitz Murphy was afflicted with a sister who was periodically dying.

That is to say, she was always going to, and never doing it. Consequently Mrs. Fitz Murphy imagined that her father had called relative to said sister.

"Is it about Eliza?" asked she.

"'Spect it mush be," reflected the alderman; if any man will tell me—hic—who 'Liza is they can have her. Mush humor the ould gal, though, or we won't—hic—have any bonfire! Don't get in—hic—room, don't have no bonfire—don't—hic—have no bonfire if don't get in room!"

Thus logically reasoning, he replied that it was about Eliza.

"Is she dead?" gasped Mrs. Fitz Murphy.

"V-very."

"Oh, Heavens! when did she die?"

"To-morrow—will yez—hic—open the dure?"

Mrs. Fitz Murphy opened the door.

The apparition with the ax which immediately forced its way in was enough to appall a stouter heart than hers.

No wonder, then, that she yelled with fear and beat a hurried retreat into a closet.

Fitz Murphy got out of bed.

"What in blazes is the matther?" he asked, turning up the light.

By way of explanation the alderman smashed a chair with his ax.

"Howly Moses!" roared he, in accents of disappointment. "Where is Muldoon—the-hic—haythen?"

"Alderman!" cried Fitz Murphy.

"Yez are erroneous," said the alderman; "bedad, I'm—a-hic—howling Injun. Where have yez—hic—hid Muldoon?"

Fitz Murphy tremblingly assured the other that Muldoon was not to be found in that apartment.

"Shure, it's a put-up job," expressed the alderman. "Mush git square some—hic—how. Goin' ter smash all zer furniture. Have—hic—shipwreck! Can't have—hic—bonfire—have—hic—shipwreck!"

Fitz Murphy incontinently fled.

The two young Fitz Murphys, almost paralyzed with fright, crawled under the bed and viewed the alderman's proceedings with staring eyes. He howled around, with the ax in his hand, raising lightning generally.

Meanwhile Fitz Murphy had retreated to the hall.

There he met Hippocrates Burns, who, under the impression that there were burglars in the house, had come creeping downstairs with his harpoon in his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked he.

"The alderman has got home," Fitz Murphy groaned. "He's on it."

"On what?"

"A toight. He is murderously intoxicated!"

"What is he at?"

"Shipwrecking me apartment," he says. And he is not a liar."

Just then the alderman fell head over heels in an attempt to massacre a spittoon, and the two young Fitz Murphys shrieked in terror.

"He's slaughtering your offsprings!" exclaimed Hippocrates.

"Don't moind it. I have three more in the Reform School. But if he touches me terbacky I'll kill him. Hippocrates?"

"Well, sur?"

"Tell him Muldoon is outside."

"An' why?"

"It will skeer him into sensibility. Thry it."

Hippocrates did.

"Alderman!" shouted he, "Muldoon is out here."

A thunderbolt could not have got out into that hall quicker than the alderman.

"Where is the darty thafe av a—hic—holy Mick?" demanded he. "Let me place me eyes upon him till I carve his—hic—head."

Hippocrates started to beat a masterly retreat upstairs.

But the alderman wouldn't have it.

"Whoa, Hippo—hic—crates!" bawled he; "go ahead wid yerself for another step, an' I'll—hic—bury me tomahawk in yez brain!"

Hippocrates stood stock still and the alderman collared him.

"Yez lied to me about Muldoon," he said.

"I—just a little fiction," replied Hippocrates, wishing he had never got out of bed.

"I do not care a—hic—cent wezzer it wur fiction or—hic—starch!" growled the other. "Yez loied to me, ye monkey! Phat is it yez have in ye—hic—paw?"

Hippocrates acknowledged diffidently that it was supposed to be a harpoon.

"Phat is it for?"

"To catch whales."

"Hippo—hic—crates, did yez suppose yez could catch whales at this—hic—hour of the noight in a respectable boarding-house? Hippo—hic—crates, yez are drunk, drunker nor I am. Shoulder harpoons!"

"What for?" queried Hippocrates.

"Ax me no riddles an' I will give yez no—hic—hair-oil," was the alderman's sage answer. "Harpooners—hic—forward march!"

Hippocrates did not move.

The alderman prodded him with his ax.

"Ye represent the—hic—harpooners," he said. "Advance, ye sucker, in files av four roight!" said he.

Hippocrates had concluded that passive obedience was the best policy to pursue.

By this time the racket had aroused a great many of the boarders.

They came out into the halls, and peeped over stair-rails in various stages of night dressed deshabelle.

"Ah, what is it?" asked Miss Paddle, with customary female vagueness.

"Hippo—hic—crates is 'dhrunk," solemnly responded the alderman.

"Hippocrates Burns?" asked Miss Paddle, who had always regarded Hippocrates as a nice young fellow.

"Yes'm, he's boiling. Dhrunk enough for—hic—ten men."

"Miss Paddle," cried Hippocrates, "I—"

"Shut up, Hippo—hic—crates!" ordered the alderman, "or I will be afther splitting yez over the—hic—head. Harpooners should be seen and not—hic—heard."

Completely demoralized, Hippocrates proceeded on, while Miss Paddle held up her hands and exclaimed at the depravity of the day.

The alderman marched Hippocrates into the parlor.

He lit every gas burner he could find, after a severe struggle.

"Have'n—hic—moonlight picnic. Lecture to-night, bedad."

Hippo—hic—harpooners, lesh have—hic—fun."

Hippocrates replied that he did not see any particularly vivid chances for having fun just then.

"Hippo—hic—crates," said the alderman, as he jocularly jumped up and down in a frail chair till he succeeded in breaking it, "yez are N. G.—too fresh! I've got a—hic—brilliant idea, begorra!"

"What?" asked Hippocrates, faintly.

"Yez take me battle-ax."

"Well?"

"An' cut the divil out av the plana. Lots av—hic—fun."

Poor Hippocrates failed to realize the great ludicrousness of the plan. He suggested that it would be a great deal more fun to go to bed.

"Never goin' ter bed," savagely informed the alderman. "Nobody ever goes ter—hic—bed 'cept women, an' children, an' little birds. Yez a woman?"

"No," answered Hippocrates, wishing that he was.

"Yez a child?"

"No."

"An' yez ain't got no—hic—tail or wings? Zen yez can't be a little—hic—bird. Can't go to bed. Hit the plana—do yez moind?"

In vain Hippocrates protested and pleaded.

The alderman produced a remarkable barbarian of a pistol, and proposed to blow his (Hippocrates') head off.

So poor Burns went to work killing the piano.

The alderman stood right in his rear.

Every time that Hippocrates faltered he felt the cold muzzle of the pistol on his neck.

Meanwhile the whole house had got up.

Fitz Murphy had awakened Muldoon, and Muldoon put on a pair of boxing gloves.

"Be Heavens, if I sh'u'd iver hit any wan wid me naked fist I would kill thim!" he explained. "It is steel-iron knuckles I possess!"

At the head of a brave squadron, tailed by Stuyvesant Riley, with a fire shovel, and a chronic inclination to run at every noise, Muldoon marched down to the parlor door.

He gazed in.

There was Hippocrates plying his ax on the piano, amidst a cloud of snapped strings, broken keys and rosewood splinters and back of him was the alderman, placidly going off to sleep, with the barrel of the pistol rammed half way down Hippocrates' neck.

"Howly smoke!" cried Muldoon, "wud yez stag Hippocrates. Luk at the maniac—begob, he is temporarily insane. See me lift the fire-bug!"

Creeping softly behind him, Muldoon slugged him under the ear with force enough to upset a church.

He arose up like a rocket and came down all in a bunch.

"Hippocrates, ye son av a guanaco bag," reproved Muldoon, "yez are a viper! Whin yez was sick wid the spasms, did I sind yez to the hospital? Divil a bit. An' yet yez come down into me drawing-room wid a low politician an' smash me up-right piany wid a tomahawk. It is Judas Burns yez should be called!"

"He made me," weakly answered Hippocrates, as he felt of his head.

"Who made yez?"

"The alderman."

"Yez loi!" interrupted the alderman, with a most drunken and inviting smile. "Wash for wud I burst Muldoon—hic—hand-organ? Always loved Muldoon—Muldoon's a jolly good—hic—hearted ould Turk. Set 'em up for the—hic—crowd. My name is—hic—hic—wash is it?"

"Mud!" promptly informed Edwardo Geoghegan, who was nobbily clad in a linen duster over his red night-shirt.

"Zanks, name's mud. Lick any man in the—hic—gang!" and with the last remark, the alderman, who rapidly passed from the ferocious to the feeble state of intoxication, fell back upon the floor, and expressed an urgent desire to be carried to bed with his boots on.

Muldoon went for Hippocrates again.

"Yez will pay for the pianny," he said.

"No, I won't," Hippocrates plucked up courage to say.

Muldoon got him by the throat.

"Luk at me eye—luk at me eye!" said Muldoon. "Yez will read manslaughter in it. Hippocrates, beware, I have murderer's blood in me veins. Promise to recompense me for me pianny, or we will convert the back yard into a cemetery wid yez to inaugurate it?"

Hippocrates promised.

He was released.

The alderman was carried up to bed, and this ended the epilogue to the swimming farce.

But what a head he had onto him next day!

He had to get his hat blocked on a sugar barrel.

Even then he could not get it on until he took a shoe-horn.

On the whole his spree cost him about two hundred dollars, including the value of Fitz Murphy's "shipwrecked" furniture.

As for Hippocrates, he was not heard from till late the next afternoon.

Then he appeared in Muldoon's presence with his precious trombone, a pair of green spectacles and a stuffed robin red-breast.

He held them out to Muldoon with a half-suppressed sigh.

"Are yez practicing to play dummy in a tragedy-pantomime?" Muldoon queried.

"N—no," sighed Hippocrates.

"Thin that are yez extending ther revolutionary relics to me for?"

"T—take them."

"Fhat for? Bejabers, I do not propriotorize an ould curiosity shop."

"I—it's all I've got except a checkered c—collar-button," vaguely said Hippocrates. "Ye can dispose av thim at auction."

"An' why?"

"To h—help pay for the piano."

Muldoon could not help grinning to save his neck at Hippocrates' woe-begone expression.

"Niver moind, yer poor innocent," said he. "Ye can pay me in weekly installments av tin piasters a day. Go up to yer room, put a bread poultice on yez brain, an' write a sonata to the moon, ye skeleton blonde!"

CHAPTER VII.

One day a new boarder arrived to join the menagerie already at Muldoon's.

His name was Alonzo Capulet Gibbs, and he was a school teacher in a great big public school. He got a thousand dollars every year.

Alonzo was shocked at the lack of rational recreation going on at Muldoon's.

The chief amusements seemed to be fights, drunks and encounters with Mrs. Muldoon's ram.

Alonzo approached Muldoon upon the subject.

"Mr. Muldoon," he said, "why do you not get up something for the amusement of your boarders?"

"Amusement!" replied Muldoon; "shure, man, yez are wild. They have all the amusement they want. Wasn't it last evening that McNulty's piebald pup and O'Riely's setter tarrier had a most iligant fight in full view of the front stoop?"

"Yes; but we need something more refined," pleaded Alonzo.

"Perhaps yez would loike an eight-day organ to play yez to slumber," sarcastically said Muldoon. "Mr. Gibbs, if yez desire to refine yez will have to do it at your own expense. Yez cannot stick the house."

Mr. Gibbs humbly explained that he had thought of getting up a spelling match.

First Muldoon was doubtful as to what a spelling match was.

"Is it a bird, baste, or a new parlor game?" asked he.

Alonzo explained.

Muldoon was captivated with the idea.

"Bedad, we will have it out in the back yard," he said. "I will procure two Portuguese lanterns and illuminate the grounds. Perhaps I may borry a German band, and institute a sort av a moonlight picnic."

Alonzo persuaded him, however, that a German band was not necessary at a spelling match.

But Muldoon stuck to the two lanterns, got them, and hung them up upon the back fence.

The boarders were delighted with the idea.

After supper they adjourned out into the back yard.

Two rows of chairs, facing each other, were placed across the grass plat.

Sides were chosen.

Muldoon, Edwardo Geoghegan, Stuyvesant Riley, Miss Krouse and Mrs. Muldoon were one.

The alderman, Terry Rafferty, Hippocrates Burns, Mrs. Fitz Murphy and Miss Nancy Fresh composed the other.

Mr. Gibbs occupied the important position of chairman. He gave out the words, and got himself generally disliked.

At last all was ready.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Mr. Gibbs, "in order to render this contest more interesting, Mr. Muldoon will present the winner with a box of cigars."

"Six cents a crate—seven boxes in a crate," whispered Edwardo.

Muldoon arose instantly.

"Edwardo," said he, "ye will please to limitate your sarcastic rebukes to yerself. We will not have the harmony av this occasion disturbed by any back talk. Moind me, now!"

Muldoon's remarks seemed to have the desired effect.

Perfect peace reigned, and Gibbs got up.

"Spell 'cat,' Mr. Muldoon," he said.

"What kind av a cat?" asked Muldoon, cautiously.

"Just 'cat.'"

"Is it a yaller cat or a pink cat?"

"Any cat."

"Av what sex?"

"Either."

"I suppose you have reference to a full-grown cat?"

"Yes, sir."

"No pup-cat?"

Here Edwardo lay down upon the grass, and requested not to be woke up till Muldoon got through.

"It was out late I wur last night," he said, "an' I wud loike to get several days' slumber before my turn comes to spell."

"Spell 'cat,' if you please, Mr. Muldoon," urged Alonzo.

"Cat—cat," declared Muldoon. "It is a man av education that I am."

"Spell 'dog,' alderman," said Gibbs.

The alderman arose.

He cleared his throat.

"D-o-g-e—dog," he said.

"Wrong, sir."

"What!" cried the alderman. "Don't d-o-g-e spell dog?"

"No, sir."

"I suppose it spells canary bird," ironically said the alderman. "Do yez mane to state that I, who have had the yaller fever four times, can't spell dog?"

"D-o-g—dog. That is right," said Gibbs. "Edwardo, spell 'measles.'"

"Arrah, there is a foine word for ye to collar and elbow wid," put in Muldoon. "Aisy, Edwardo, aisly. Go for it gently. Coax it."

Edwardo evidently thought he had got a dead sure thing.

He pulled his gaudy handkerchief out of his pistol pocket, and fastidiously wiped his face.

"M-double e-z-e-l-s—measles," he said.

"Good-b'y," applauded Muldoon; "yez done it as aisly as a fly gets into butter."

"Wrong," said Alonzo.

"Howly Moses!" shouted Muldoon, "it is corrupted yez are, Mr. Gibbs."

"No wonder our children are going to the divil when such blaggards conthroll the public schools," murmured the alderman. "I will lave it to any jury if d-o-g-e don't spell dog."

As for Edwardo, he was wild.

"How does yez know that I am wrong, Mr. Gibbs?" he said.

"By Webster."

"Who is he?"

"The author of 'Webster's Dictionary.'"

"How does he spell it?"

"M-e-a-s-l-e-s."

"He is a liar!" promptly said Edwardo. "M-e-e-z-l-e-s spells measles, an' I will lick any man for a five-dollar note who says it don't."

"If you don't like my decisions I will resign," faltered Mr. Gibbs.

"That is the only sensible word ye have said to-night," said the alderman. "If I were ye, Mr. Gibbs, I wud go to school meself till I learned how to spell 'dog.'"

Poor Alonzo stepped down and out.

He was succeeded by Muldoon.

"Leddies and gents," said Muldoon, "I will run the spelling match as far as I can. There will be a square deal and no splits, and the first sucker that kicks, be Heavens, I'll slaughter him. Hippocrates, spell 'calf'—not yerself, but some other calf."

"K-a-l-f!" declared Hippocrates.

"Kerect. Terry Rafferty, ye young runt, paralyze us wid 'Russia.'"

"R-u-s-h-i-a!"

"Good! It is a prize bolivar we will bake for ye. Stuyvesant Riley, wrestle wid 'Scotland.' It is historical jaw-breakers/ye are getting now."

"S-k-o-t-l-a-n-d!"

"Kerect. Arrah, Mrs. Muldoon, ye Oak street baby, I am looking at yez. Spell 'Canada,' where they won't let the Sixty-ninth go, bad cess to their redcoats."

"Does it begin wid a C, Terry?"

"Bridget, I blush for ye. Where is yer education, me leddy? K. Bridget, K."

"K-a-n can—a—cana—d-i-a—Canada."

"Kerect. Miss Krouse, I will give yez an aisy wan. 'School.'"

"S-c-h-o-o-l."

"Miss Krouse, I am astonished. Ye are wrong."

"I learned to spell it that way."

"Yez larned incorrectly. S-k-u-l-e, Miss Krouse, is the proper way. Yez put the accent upon the s and emphasize the k. Alderman, forward four wid jackass."

"M-u-l, mul, d-o-o-n, doon, jackass," replied the alderman, with a grin.

There was a general laugh, in which all except Muldoon joined.

"Yez are altogether too just picked," said Muldoon; "if I was ye, alderman, I would have '1812' stamped on me boots, so that people would not conjecture ye war so brand-new. Any wan that can't spell dog I hav' me opinion av. It is going back upon your own flesh and blood, alderman."

"D-o-g-e spells dog," sullenly declared the alderman.

"It don't," persisted Muldoon.

"How do ye juggle wid the word, ye ould Galway mummy?" politely asked the alderman.

"D-o-g-g!"

"Would yez get onto it?" cried the alderman. "It is president av a negro college yez should be."

"D-o-g-g is right," persisted Muldoon.

"In me moind."

"Do yez doubt me voracity, alderman?"

"I wouldn't belave yez undher oath."

Muldoon carefully undid his collar.

Next he disrobed himself of his necktie.

"Alderman Lobscouse," he said, "yez are a pin widout a head. Bedad, I'll put one on for yez."

"Whin yez can spell a-b-l-e, able," rejoined the alderman.

"Come on, ye dirty hash-chewer."

In a second the alderman had Muldoon by the hair.

Muldoon got the alderman by the neck, and a double and

twisted struggle ensued.

The women screamed.

The men encouraged.

But Mrs. Muldoon came to the rescue.

"Terence Muldoon!" shrieked she, "would yez give the boarding-house away? Bedad, Mulcahy is kicking himself wid delight, an' he is lettin' out all av his back windows to reporters at tin cents an hour, to witness the affray!"

"Fhat av it, woman? Shure, there will be one alderman the less in New York, whin I finish wid the massacre," replied Muldoon, as he tried to gouge one of his eyes out.

Mrs. Muldoon pulled him off his rival by main force.

"Sit down, Johnny Dwyer," said she, "or I will scald yer ould bald head wid hot wather. Shure, yez take yerself for a young pullet rooster instead av a played-out ould jackass. It is a fine example yez set to Roger."

Muldoon allowed himself to be quieted by the all powerful instrumentality of woman's tongue.

"Yez were both wrong regarding the vocalization of 'dog,'" said Mike Magee, the blacksmith, who very seldom said anything.

"How do yez syllabylize it?" queried Muldoon.

"D-o-r-g, dog," solemnly said Mike, with an air which admitted of no possible denial.

That settled it, of course.

The spelling match was declared finished, and Mike Magee to be the winner of the box of cigars.

Of course, the very next day, Muldoon got into a scrape. He was not happy if he wasn't continually in hot water.

He went down to a small shop where he usually got shaved, to get a skin scrape.

The barber was not in.

Instead, a small Italian, who acted as boss of the wispbroom and grand mogul of the spittoon, was the only occupant.

"Where is the barber?" Muldoon queried.

"Gone out."

"Where?"

"Wife sick."

"It is a wondher she isn't dead. Whin will he be back?"

"Not knowa. It badda, too."

"What's badda?"

"Him staya away. He losa lots of mona. Folks come in—go awaya."

"Bedad, ye are enough to scare them off. I say, Garabaldi."

"Wella?"

"Ye go off and play duck on a say-beach. I will engineer the hair-oil morgue till yez return."

The small Italian gladly availed himself of the permission. He donned his cap, and started off.

Muldoon put on a barber's apron.

He stuck a comb behind his ear, and strutted before the glass.

"It is first premium I wud secure for a barber," he grinned. "Faix, I always belaved Nature intinded me for a cheek-cutter, an' I am going to thry it!"

Just then a customer arrived.

He was a daisy.

One of these little, ah-by-Gawge chaps with a light suit, spectacles, and a blue-ribboned straw hat.

"Six av him for a quarther, tied in a bunch, wid a chromo in free!" snickered Muldoon, as the fairy face entered.

Evidently he had got into the wrong place.

"Is this the female barber shop?" he asked.

"Yis," assured Muldoon.

"But—ah—where are the females, you know?"

"They have an afternoon off to dance in the ballet down to Manhattan Beach," assured Muldoon. "Sit roight down, Charley."

"What a bloomin' blarsted Yankee cheek," muttered the dandy, who was plainly a Britisher. "I want me hair cut."

"All roight," Muldoon responded, "will yez have it shrubbery style or bareback?"

"Weally, I don't know what you mean," answered the astonished dandy.

"Do yez desire it copious or diminutive?"

"I want it rather short."

Muldoon got a pair of scissors.

He went to work with a will.

Muldoon cut hair by muscle.

At every clip the poor dandy screamed.

"Blarst it, man, you are tearing out my brains," he expostulated.

"Devil a bit," said Muldoon.

"Why not?"

"Yez have none. Hould yer head still or I'll cut off an ear."

It was torture to the suffering Britisher.

Muldoon brought blood as often as he brought hair.

At last, though, he announced the job at an end.

"How much?" gasped the dandy.

"Fifty cents."

"For a hair cut?"

"Yis."

"But, dem it, you nearly slaughtered me with youah brutality."

"That's the rayson I only charge fifty cents. If I had killed yez completely it would have been seventy-foive."

The logic was irresistible. The subject of Queen Victoria paid his fifty cents and walked dolefully away.

Five minutes later he was seen stopping a policeman to ask the way to a hospital.

As for Muldoon, he was joyous.

"Bedad!" exclaimed he, "the fairies are good to the Irish. Divil a cint did I have in me pocket an' here I have fifty for scalping a bloody redcoat; whorra, Muldoon, yez are a boss barber."

Just here a stout, dirty-faced man with a red shirt, and his pants tucked into his boots came swaggering into the shop.

"Shure, he postures fur a tough," commented Muldoon. "I belave he chews onions to give him a bad breath."

"Sa-ay!" growled the red-shirted man, "is this a barber shop?"

"Does it luk loike a synagogue or a stove store?" pertly answered Muldoon.

"I don't want none of yer guff," said the other. "What do yer suppose I want?"

"Yez can purchase the mirror at a large discount," replied Muldoon, "or would yez loike some disinfectant? Begob, I

would imagine from the aroma that somebody had concealed a garbage barge about yer individuality."

"Look here, you old umbrella sign," warned the other, "jess plaster up yer speaking-trumpet. I am bad—I am b-a-d—bad, and I want a shave! I've got to kill a chippie bird to-night, and I wants to do it in style. You understand?"

"Repose upon the Portuguese divan," said Muldoon, as he wheeled out a consumptive barber's chair; "bedad, I'll fix yez up for a gould medal murderher in a jiffy."

Muldoon stropped his razor with great deliberation.

"Have ye a tendher skin?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"I am sorry for yez."

"Why—saay?"

"Begorra, this razor is liable to have a monnygram on yer baby face. Me son, Roger, was using it to cut lead wid last night."

The red-shirted customer lifted his head.

"See here, you pie-eater," cautioned he, "if you make jess a scratch on my face, do yer know what I'll do with yer?"

"Is it a riddle?" asked Muldoon.

"Naw! I'll jess kick yer lungs up through yer nose! Dat's what I'll do. Understand?"

"Faix, I'll shave yez as fastidiously as if ye were silver," answered Muldoon. "Put yer cranium back, ye Water street Sunday school superintendent."

The one to be shaved obeyed.

Muldoon started at him gently.

First he wielded the razor as if it was glass and he was shaving an egg-shell.

To his great surprise he didn't cut an ear off as he had almost expected. Instead he shaved quite smoothly.

Success made him reckless.

All of a sudden he gave a jab.

The red-shirted man jumped about six feet.

"Be Heavens! the razor is stuck!" bawled Muldoon.

"In my cheek!" almost wept the red-shirted man, as his hand crept suspiciously around to his pistol pocket.

Muldoon started for the door.

"Saay, where are yer goin'?" shouted the other.

"Afther a map av New York City."

"What for?"

"I want to foind out the correct route to extricate the razor."

The red-shirted man was after him in a second.

"I'm tough—t-u-f-f," he said, "an' I kin lick my weight in whales. I'm going to take you for a whale. Understand?"

Whether or not he took Muldoon for a whale—one thing is certain. He gave him a terrible whaling.

Poor Muldoon was all broke up, and when the red-shirted man swaggered out, Muldoon felt as if somebody had dumped a load of bricks onto him.

He got sorrowfully up off of the floor where the bad man had laid him, put a placard on the door of the barber shop: "Closed in consequence av death in the family," and pedestrianated home.

Arriving there he found a grand old circus in the parlor.

Mrs. Muldoon was weeping violently, with her apron thrown over her head.

"Whurra—whurra! bad cess to the day I was born!" cried she.

"Frayquently have I had occasion to remark the same," said Muldoon. "What is it now, Bridget? Has the canary bird spasms or has yer delicate ram swallowed the sub-cellar?"

"They're both drowned, oh—oh—oh!" sobbed Mrs. Muldoon.

"Who?"

"Edwardo Geoghegan an' yer child!"

"Drowned in what—whisky?"

"Oh, no—no! Edwardo tuk Roger up to the Harlem River to let him see the crocodiles. They were to go up the river on a boat."

"Did yez expect thim to walk on the wather, or take-a horse car?"

"Oh, no—no! the biler's bust."

"Whose?"

"The boat's—the boat that runs up the river. Probably Edwardo and Roger wur on board, an' they are both dead. Oh, whirra—whirra! Go roight up to Harlem an' ascertain at wanst."

"But—"

"None av yer objections. Terence Muldoon, go immediately. Yez have no more feelings for the poor b'ys than a dirty ould stone dog. Go, ye omadhaun, or I will get a divorce, ye freckle-faced Cuban!"

Muldoon rushed out to escape from the tempest of feminine expletive.

He went down to the livery stable and hired a carriage.

It was a rickety old vehicle, but it was the only one to be had, and Muldoon was forced to be content.

For the first half mile or so, he and the driver stopped at about every gin-shop there was. Muldoon wanted to get his courage up in case anything was the matter.

Presently Muldoon began to imagine he was not going fast enough.

"Driver!" bawled he, putting his head out of the window.

"Yis," was the driver's reply.

"Will yez koindly get out from behind the hearse?"

"There ain't no hearse, sir."

"Thin why don't ye drive faster? I thought ye were following a funeral pageant."

The driver whipped up his horses and away rattled the carriage.

Still the pace did not suit Muldoon.

"Hurry up, driver," he cried, "will yez touch up the crow-baits?"

Off they sped at a furious rate. Muldoon jolted up and down in the carriage. He flew from roof to floor and back again as the carriage jolted over the rough pavements.

Suddenly there was a crash.

Amidst a shower of splinters, Muldoon's legs descended through the bottom of the carriage. Several boards had given away.

His feet touched the cobble-stones.

It was impossible for him to extricate himself, and he could not remain still, as if he did he would fall right through the hole he had made and get run over.

He had to run and keep up with the carriage's pace.

"Driver—driver!" shrieked Muldoon, putting his head out of the window; "stop, for Heaven's sake! The flure av me barouche has capsized!"

The driver grinned.

He was pretty full and he did not hear Muldoon's remark intelligently.

"All right, sir—go faster yet!" he replied, as he whipped up his horses.

Muldoon's legs went like piston strokes.

The sweat poured off his brow.

"Howly Moses," he groaned, "tin to wan I've got to run all av the way to Harlem!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Although Muldoon yelled wildly out of the window for it to stop and release him from his predicament, the carriage did not stop.

The driver, who was partially deaf and wholly drunk, did not understand Muldoon's appeals.

He took them to be orders to drive faster all the while.

Therefore he licked up his old crowbait nags, and got all the speed out of them possible. It was not much, but it was enough for Muldoon. The poor little Irishman's legs went like clock-work.

It was fun for him.

Now he would skip nimbly over a pile of brick; then he would go down to his knees in a mud-hole; next he would be dragged half across a railway track, or fall deep into an excavation.

The sweat rolled down his legs and into his shoes.

"It is floating in me patent leather socks I will soon be," he exclaimed. "Help—help—help! Will somebody koindly shoot that son av a gun av a driver?"

His cries attracted attention from the passing vehicles, and also from the pedestrians on the sidewalk.

They did not know what to make of it.

A man going up Third avenue with his head out of a carriage window and his legs out of the bottom was certainly a curiosity.

"Crazy!" commented one.

"Drunk!" suggested a second.

"I am not," bawled Muldoon; "lind me a battle-ax."

"What for?" asked a small boy, vainly trying to keep pace with the carriage by running.

"Till I hurl it at the divil that's dhriving. Howly Virgin, me legs will me wore out to me knees by the toime I reach Harlem!" Muldoon roared.

But the driver didn't care.

He was whirling along at a dreadful pace, knocking over old women, upsetting children, running into street cars and backing out again in a most commendable style, all the while imagining he was greatly pleasing Muldoon by the rapid rate of progression.

Presently Muldoon caught sight of a mounted policeman. It was like an oasis in a desert to a parched traveler.

"Help!" screeched Muldoon, "rescue me, ye cavalry peeler. Stop me barouche an' I'll present yez wid a gould club wid an Italian to practice it on!"

The policeman did not catch Muldoon's words, but he conjectured from his actions that something was wrong.

He spurred his horse and soon overtook the carriage.

In a second, almost, he had stopped it.

"What does all this mean?" he asked, curiously.

Muldoon extricated himself from the carriage.

"Luk at me," groaned he; "will yez gaze at the disaster? Three cints-a pound for ould rags is about what I will fetch. Officer, will yez please take me where I can borry an assassin?"

"Are ye crazy?" queried the officer.

"Divil a bit. But I want a good, skilled murderher till I slaughter the chromo who drove me here."

"I didn't know the bottom was out of the carriage," said the driver.

"Yez should have had telephonic communication wid it," Muldoon answered. "I almost hope Roger is dead. It would break his heart to see such a study in mud as meself a-posturing for his originator."

"Where were you going?" laughed the officer.

"Atther me son."

"Where is he?"

"In heaven, probably; I hear he wint up wid a boiler explosion."

"There hasn't been any boiler explosion around."

"Not upon the Harlem Ocean?"

"No, that was simply a hoax."

Muldoon's face, at this information, was a complete prototype of rage.

"Yez could live to be six hundred and eight, Terence Muldoon," he said, "and yet a six weeks' ould baby could play ye for a sucker. Officer!"

"Well?"

"Have yez a crippled grandmother and a small sister wid the consumption?"

The officer said by wonderful luck he had both.

"I will give yez tin dollars to let me go around and lick them," offered Muldoon. "It is square I will get onto somebody."

"You better go home and put your head in a freezer," advised the officer. "You need cooling off!"

Muldoon gritted his teeth.

"There will be a terrific wife murder before noight!" he proclaimed. "I have stood with Mrs. Muldoon's maniacality long enough. If some tarrier tould her the moon was butter-milk she would belave it, and be axing av me to go up in a balloon, to get a bucketful. She is altogether too completely unsophisticated."

Grumbling as to what he was to do, Muldoon stepped into a nearby store, and had the mud brushed off of his pants and the rents in them sewed up.

He took a Third avenue car down home.

On the way his anger against his wife relaxed.

"Perhaps she did not know that the boiler explosion was taffy," reflected he. "Faix, I will fool her."

When he reached his domicile he found Mrs. Muldoon in the parlor.

"Spake, Terry, spake," implored she, "where are the byes?"

"Woman, I know not!" he solemnly said. "The last seen of Roger he wor flying over Canarsie, while Edwardo was spoken to by the captain."

"What captain, Terry?"

"Av the steamer. There wor a terrible boiler explosion—the jackass engine blew up. The captain got a start ahead av the rest av the gang, and when he was coming down through the air Edwardo was going up. Probably he is still going up, for nobody heard av him yet. I am going on top of Trinity Church steeples and fish for him wid a fish hook."

"An' they are both dead!" shrieked Mrs. Muldoon.

"Probably; though there are several counties yet to be heard from."

Mrs. Muldoon put her apron over her eyes and began crying at the top of her voice, in which pleasant proceeding she was ably seconded by several of the female boarders.

"Be Heavens!" Muldoon chuckled, as he stepped out of the parlor, "I conjecture I have inaugurated a weeping match. Tin to wan that Bridget will win it!"

Just then the front door opened. A familiar voice exclaimed:

"Mrs. Muldoon, if yez don't kape that infernal ould slop-pail out av the hall, I'll burn it up. This is the sixty-eighth toime I have broke me neck over it."

Then a second shrill, boyish voice announced:

"Oh, ma, we had a bully racket. I fell into the river and got wet, and Mr. Geoghegan tried to dry me off wid a burning glass and he set fire to my clothes. I've got three hop toads and a dead crab in my pocket and——"

Young Roger's voice was checked by the rush of his mother, who was hugging him like mad.

"Me darlint!—me darlint!—ye are here alive—ye and Mr. Geoghegan!" cried she.

Edwardo gently intimated that not only was he alive, but he was in a particularly lively mood for some supper.

Explanations followed.

"Muldoon said ye were blew up," Mrs. Muldoon remarked.

"He were getting ye on a string," answered Edwardo. "Peddling ye taffy, as it were."

Mrs. Muldoon gritted her teeth and vanished. Five minutes later sounds of a pitched battle issued from the kitchen. When Muldoon appeared at supper one of his sluggers was torn off, and the bald spot on top of his head enlarged by several inches.

"Edwardo," whispered he, sadly, "take me advice—never get married. It is better to live in a cage wid a bald-headed hyena, than to contest wid a wife. Remimber, Edwardo, I am giving it to ye straight, loike a barrel av a gun."

A week passed on without any event worthy of recording.

Until Muldoon one particularly sultry day got struck by one of his periodical happy thoughts.

It was nothing less than a trip to Coney Island.

It was to be a stag party.

"We will dispense wid the prisence av unlovely woman for this occasion only," declared Muldoon. "I intend to play off for a bachelor. Ah, it was a great favorite I was wid the society belles before I was married."

Most of the male boarders succeeded in getting away from their business and joined the band.

It was a noble-looking crew that started to take a Coney Island boat early one morning.

There was Muldoon, radiant in a shiny suit of black, with a red—red rose in his button-hole.

There was Edwardo Geoghegan in a loud, eleven-dollar light suit, and a white hat with a poker-dot blue ribbon, enough in himself to break the hearts of all the Island girls.

There was Hippocrates Burns, armed with a mastodon umbrella and a white necktie, ready to burst into poetry at the least touch.

There was the alderman and Terry Rafferty, and Stuyvesant Riley and Mr. Fitz Murphy; and last, but not least, big-armed, quiet Mike Magee, the blacksmith.

Altogether it was a joyful sight to see Muldoon's boarders out for a racket.

They filed into the boat very orderly, but they could not escape the notice of the everlasting small boy who hung about the pier with great diligence.

"Look at the wild beasts!" cried a bare-footed bootblack.

"Just from der Centrad Park menagerie," put in a newsboy.

"What is it wid the rose in its bosom?" queried a butcher boy; "if it had a hump I'd call it a dromedary."

Muldoon considered the last remark a personal insult.

He started for the side of the boat and upon the guard rail.

"Hey, Billy!" yelled the delighted butcher's boy to a mate, "come and look at it—it's going to fly."

"Begorra, ye big-mouthed young jackass, I will fly at ye and pull yer backbone out through your big toe," Muldoon threatened, and he was just about to leap ashore, when a deck hand grabbed him.

"Lave go av me," bawled Muldoon.

"Do you want to get drowned, you big-head?" answered the deck hand.

"No; I want to spring ashore to walk down the neck av that young cow-killer."

"You'd a got drowned. The boat is fifteen feet from the pier. You couldn't have done it in a leap."

Muldoon gave a sniff of contempt.

"I niver intended to, ye rope-puller," replied he; "do yez conjecture that I jump by mechanism? But it is betting ye I am that I could have done it in two leaps."

It was no use convincing Muldoon that the thing was impossible, as where he would start from, excepting the water, on the second "leap," was nowhere.

As the boat moved away from the wharf, Muldoon was to be found sitting square in everybody's way upon the upper deck, swearing to himself about the deck hand being in "wid the gang on the dock." When the boat cleared past Bay Ridge, and a glimpse of the broad Atlantic was for the first time obtained, Hippocrates appeared upon the scene.

He was full of enthusiasm, and carried a paper in his hand.

"Is it ginger-bread nuts yez have in the bag?" asked Muldoon.

"No!" scornfully replied Hippocrates.

"Perhaps 'tis soft-shell lobsters, yez Belgravia epicure?"

"No, sir; it is an ode."

"Do yez carry it baked?"

Hippocrates looked the personification of superior intellect.

"Mr. Muldoon," said he, "I am astonished at yer ignorance. What do you suppose an ode is?"

Muldoon left it to the gang.

The alderman thought it was a new name for Washington pie.

Edwardo said it was crackers.

Terry Rafferty knew it was a sea bird. His mother swept out an aquarium once, and she had seen one in a cage.

Mr. Fitz Murphy declared it was a Brazilian pear. When he had sailed down the Nile he had seen lots of them.

As for Stuyvesant Riley, he turned up his nose, said it was something nasty, and he was not going to talk about it.

Poor Hippocrates was paralyzed at the knowledge of his friends.

"It is a piece of poetry," informed he, "dedicated to the Ocean. Shall I read it?"

Muldoon said, with a sigh, he would stay if the rest would. The rest agreed to.

Hippocrates unrolled his "MSS." It was a proud moment for the young poet.

In a deep voice he began:

"Oh, ocean rolling stealthy
With a sea-breeze very healthy,
On the sand so white and shiny,
Covered with clam-shells so tiny,
Shall I never plow thy bosom——"

Here Muldoon arose.

"Hippocrates, burn it up," said he, "it is indacent. Fhat do you mane by plowing anybody's bosom? Perhaps ye imagine the ocean has no friends in the gang!"

"Poetical license," murmured Hippocrates.

"Who licensed ye?"

"You don't understood, Mr. Muldoon; metaphor always speaks."

"I don't care if he does. I do not know metaphor and I don't want to. Begorra, I can lick him if he is twice as big as me-self."

It took Hippocrates about half an hour to explain the meaning of metaphor.

But at last he succeeded, and Muldoon collapsed.

"Go ahead wid the outrage," sullenly commanded he.

Hippocrates began where he had left off:

"Shall I never plow thy bosom?
What, never plow."

"Slug him, Gallagher!" shouted Muldoon, picking up a stool.

Three chairs, one bench, six stools and a coil of rope hit Hippocrates at once.

He described a most beautiful somersault and landed in a lump upon the deck.

"What have I done?" gasped he, as he gazed upon the threatening visages all about him.

"Be Heavens! ye have done enough to be pitched overboard!" answered Muldoon; "ye have endeavored to give us 'Pinafore.' Ye will attmpt to ring in yez 'What, never'— will ye?"

Hippocrates pleaded for mercy. He declared it was unintentional. "I was wrapt up in me poetry," said he.

"It is wrapped up in a sheet, wid cints over yer eyes ye will be soon if ye kape on," Muldoon responded; "I wish I had brought ye along in a canary fish cage. It wud have been safer."

"Coney Island!" cried one of the boat hands, interrupting the conversation, much to the poet's great relief.

The boarders disembarked.

They started off of the pier on shore, and were soon in the midst of the babel, merriment, side-shows and pleasure-seekers which constitute the Island's democratic west end.

The donkeys mashed Muldoon.

"Luk at the pretty darlint," said he. "Shure I wud loike to buy one for a pet."

"Bedad, it wud kick yer house down in tin minutes," growled the alderman.

"See how nice they travel," disregarded Muldoon, pointing

to a donkey who was placidly traveling over the beach with a little child on its back.

"Why don't ye ride wan?" queried Edwardo. "Ye would make a splendid figure for a chromo."

"He couldn't ride a stone fence, much less a donkey," said the alderman. "Do ye desire the man to be killed?"

"I can ride," Muldoon put in.

"Fhat—a gate?"

"Alderman, ye are too brand new—ye should rub mud on yer clothes to make ye luk ould. I will ride a donkey."

"Thin ride yerself."

Muldoon paid no heed to this sarcastic remark. He walked over to the man who runs the donkeys.

"I want a donkey," he said.

"Fifty cents an hour," was the reply.

"Be jabers, I don't want to buy wan!"

"Fifty cents an hour."

"Faix, that is intensely gilt-edged," reflected Muldoon; "shure, a personage who wud hire a donkey for a day has got to be a millionaire. But I will take one, if the boarders have to exist on water pudding and air soup for the nixt cintury!"

Muldoon picked out his donkey.

It was a gray one with its hair banded and a pervading appearance of general innocence.

In fact, a donkey whose total ambition was to die young, go to heaven, and carry angels around upon a celestial beach.

"He doesn't kick?" queried Muldoon.

"No, sir," earnestly answered the man who owned him.

"Begorra, I would loike to have him for a boarder, thin," said Muldoon. "Does he bite?"

"Not a bit."

"Gentle?"

"As a baby."

Satisfied with the donkey's character, Muldoon got upon his back.

His boarders were grouped around, enjoying the racket immensely.

"What an elegant set of statuary for a back yard," praised Terry Rafferty.

"I wud give sixteen cints to have it in red on me necktie," proclaimed Edwardo.

"Bedad, if it went down Broadway it would be arristed," the alderman announced.

"By and by ye will see Muldoon open a trap-dure in his brother's back and get inside," Mr. Fitz Murphy said, with great mental effort.

Muldoon paid no attention to the jeers of his friends.

He touched up his donkey with the whip provided for the purpose.

Off it went with a gentle trot.

"Look at me, ye suckers!" invited Muldoon; "it is superb. The donkey is jest as mild as respectable butther. He is—whoa, there, ye son av a jackass!"

The last remark was addressed to the vaunted donkey.

It had begun to act in a most surprising and unpleasant style. It was kicking vigorously with all of its feet at once, and trying its best to bite Muldoon's leg off.

"Whoa—whoa! ye equine divil, or I'll pull the brick mouth off av ye!" Muldoon cried.

The donkey didn't care.

He kept up with his circus, and Muldoon went through a series of phenomenal postures which would have done credit to a professional contortionist.

"The baste is so gentle."

"It doesn't kick."

"Ye couldn't coax it to bite."

"A six-days' ole baby could steer it wid safety."

Thus ironically remarked the envious boarders as they watched the combat between Muldoon and the donkey.

The donkey had suddenly got the bit between his teeth and started on a dead run for the ocean.

Away he went, knocking over small children, upsetting baby carriages, completely breaking up several peanut firms, and raising the old duke generally, while Muldoon was clinging to his neck.

"Jump off!" cried Mr. Fitz Murphy.

"Niver!" Muldoon cried back; "I'm going to steer the wild baste into the surf and drow him!"

But to a candid spectator it would seem as if the donkey had the same idea in regard to Muldoon.

Anyhow, the sequel justified the idea.

The donkey ran on until he got up to his knees in the breakers.

"Hould on—hould on, ye fairy quadruped!" shouted the alderman; "ye are going the wrong way! The walking match is in Ameriky, not England, this year."

Whether this speech influenced the donkey or not, he came to a halt as quickly as if somebody had applied air brakes to him.

Muldoon immediately flew over his head right into an incoming wave.

When he was picked up he was wet; indeed, judging from the brine which dropped from all parts of his clothes, it would appear as if he were trying to play fountain.

Tenderly his laughing boarders walked him up to a bathing house, put him in a bathing suit, and dried his clothes. Salt water dries very quickly, especially under the influence of a hot sun, and he was soon enabled to resume his apparel.

He wanted to go right back and massacre the donkey, and the man who owned him.

"Any man who wud lie is mane enough to ate mud, an' I will kill him wid his own donkey," he roared.

But he was persuaded not to by the sight of a new wonder.

It was a merry-go-round, or, as they are sometimes called, a carousal. It is a series of imitation horses and other animals, supported upon long iron arms extended from a centre pole. By the aid of simple machinery the horses, and so forth, fly rapidly around in a circle.

You can ride upon his noble machine for five cents a ride.

Muldoon fell in love with it.

"I intend to purchase one meself an' place it upon the back piazzy," he said.

"Let's all ride," suggested Stuyvesant Riley.

"I wouldn't," sarcastically answered Muldoon, "ye might muss yer open-work socks."

"We'll all ride," said Edwardo.

"I am agreeable," Muldoon returned; "shure a wooden horse can't bite or kick."

So it was agreed that the whole band should take a trip upon the merry-go-round.

There was just about enough mounts for them all.

They got on.

The man turned the crank which set the horses going, and around and around they went.

First they thought it was elegant. Muldoon whooped and howled in a style which attracted a big crowd, who derisively watched his antics.

But at last he got enough of it.

"Stop the riding rink," ordered he.

An expression of mingled dismay and surprise came over the face of the man in charge.

"Darned if I can!" he said; "the darned old machine is busted."

"How long have we to ride?"

"Till next summer, for all I know."

"Howly Heaven!" Muldoon yelled, "it is seasick I am getting! Stop it wid an ax--can't yez?"

The crowd roared.

As Muldoon whirled around they began to pelt him with all sorts of missiles.

In vain he stormed and raved.

Every time he appeared in range the crowd gave it to him.

"Oh, ye darty suckers!" he yelled, as he whirled around, half off of his horse, "wait till the d—d thing stops—I'll murder the mob av yez!"

CHAPTER IX.

Muldoon was in a nice fix. The merry-go-round was merrily going around with a vengeance, but there was nothing merry about the party who were going around with it.

"Howly Moses, will it iver cessate?" cried Muldoon; "if I wur not afraid av breaking me neck I wud le'p off!"

"I'm s-sick!" gasped Stuyvesant Riley, whose stomach was none of the strongest.

"Throw up, ye daisy," advised the alderman, who was hanging on for dear life; "faix, I niver got such a ride for foive cints in me loife!"

The crowd of scoffing boys, jeering men and interested women enjoyed the racket greatly.

It was a free show not heretofore included among the sights at Coney Island.

"Look at the sun-struck Micks!"

"It is a mile they make in 2:12!"

"The machine will never stop—they'll die of starvation!"

"Would you sherry the chromo on the yaller nag!"

"Ah, sock him wid an egg, Paddy!"

Thus bawled the spectators, and there must have been at least fifty Paddy's in the crowd, for Muldoon got a liberal "socking" with eggs. Not only eggs alone, but sand and clam shells and fish corpses flew at him.

Needless to remark, he was as wild as a boy who accidentally sits down upon a hornet's nest.

"It is a sixteen stame power murderer I will be whin I get off," he threatened; "I'll——"

There was a sudden crack, as if something had snapped.

The merry-go-round stopped dead still.

So sudden was the stoppage that the demoralized riders flew in all directions.

Muldoon knocked down a fat woman, struck on his head on a baby carriage and finally reached the ground along with a totally astonished young negro.

"Good Lawd, massa, you hit harder den a mule!" exclaimed the stricken moke.

Muldoon picked himself up.

There was a burly German Beggar near by on crutches, who was imploringly holding out a cigar box for alms.

Without a word Muldoon kicked the cigar box flying into the air, tripped up the beggar and threw his crutches over the heads of the crowd.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" cried out a vinegar-faced old maid.

"Be Heavens! I am going to get square on somebody!" vociferated Muldoon. "If there are any paralytics or consumptives widin reach show thim to me. Me name is Ram, and I am on the butt!"

The crowd scattered in all directions, and left Muldoon in possession of the scene.

One by one his boarders got themselves together and found out that they were whole yet. A few bruises and several skin scrapes were all of the injuries received.

After a few moments for repose, they started off for fresh fields of adventure.

"Bedad, I wud rather ride a buffalo bull than a wooden machinery horse," declared Muldoon. "Mike Magee, have yez a sup av terbacky?"

"Mike Magee ain't here," replied Terry Rafferty.

"Where is he?"

"The last I saw of him he was flying over a bathing house toward Europe," declared Edwardo.

"Here he comes now," Mr. Fitz Murphy announced.

Sure enough, Mike—quiet Mike—appeared.

His nose was scarred, and one eye looked as if some one had kindly put a mourning band around it.

"Phat ails ye?" asked the alderman.

"I had a brief conversation with the terrier wot runs the dummy horses," Mike answered, as modestly as possible.

"How did it terminate?" interrogated Muldoon.

"I left him for dead on a pile of clam shells," answered Mike, as he walked away.

"Arrah, there's a b'y for yez," admiringly eulogized Mul-

doon; "aisy wid the chin, but a divil wid the fist. If he had a little more science I belave he could get away wid meself."

As Mike could have broken Muldoon up completely, the boarders exchanged various sarcastic remarks at the observation.

Muldoon didn't care.

He had struck a new object.

It was a small cage mounted onto a platform. Inside of the cage were several canaries. Outside of the cage was a little box, just within reaching distance of the canaries, filled with small envelopes.

A wiry Frenchman stood alongside of the cage, actively shouting:

"Walk up—walk up, leedies an' gentlemen. Ze greatest marvel of ze age. You haf ze fortune of yourself told by ze leetle canaries for ze ver small sum of ze dime."

Muldoon paused in amazement.

"Do yez mane to tell me, ye Communist," asked he, "that one av those canaries can tell me fortune?"

"Oui," responded the Frenchman.

"They can't spake, can they?"

"No, sare."

"Phat is he giving us?" asked the alderman. "Muldoon, will yez plaze to request the frog-ater to enunciate in American."

"Begob, alderman, ye have no stoyle. I can paralyze him in his own tongue," Muldoon returned.

"Mosssoo, parley vous Frongsay?"

"Oui," answered the delighted Frenchman.

"Which manes, 'Yes,'" said Muldoon. "Hear me give it to him again. Mosssoo, spikle sie Dutch?"

"Vat, sare?"

"Spikle sie Dutch?"

"Me no comprehend."

"Ye are a pretty picture for a Frinchman," disgustedly said Muldoon. "Ye don't know yez own vocabulary. Bedad, I belave yez are an Italian in disguise."

The Frenchman did not know. He gave it up in a hopeless sort of way.

"M'sieur have his fortune told by ze bairds?" he begged.

M'sieur Muldoon would if somebody else would first.

Terry Rafferty volunteered to be the victim.

"Colin," ordered the Frenchman, "pick out ze gentleman's fortune."

Colin—a pretty canary—advanced to the bars of the cage, inserted his head in the box outside, and placed his bill upon an envelope.

"Shure, it is sorcery," criticised Muldoon; "it is six months wid the Ould Nick the bird has been."

Inside of the envelope was Terry Rafferty's fortune.

It was a regular gilt-edge, silk-lined, gold-tasseled fortune. He was to marry a rich wife, have nineteen or twenty lovely children, be intensely and improbably successful in all of his undertakings, and finally die a police captain.

"Bad cess to it, give him no more such fortunes," growled Muldoon, "or it is too recent he will be getting around me hotel. He will be wanting gould fringe on his towels an' perfumery on his sheets."

"Have your fortune tould now, Muldoon," requested Mr. Fitz Murphy.

Muldoon consented.

The bird picked out a second envelope, and Edwardo possessed himself of it.

"Shall I read it aloud?"

"Av course," Muldoon replied; "give it to the group. If it kills seven or eight I will purchase all av the canary aquarium and have me fortune towld ivery morning."

Edwardo began:

"The gentleman to whom this fortune belongs is handsome, amiable and generous to a fault——"

"Thru, begorra!" enthusiastically interrupted Muldoon. "Photographs av me can be obtained at any grocery store, six cents a bunch!"

"He is married——"

"Luk at me bald head and judge for yerselfs!"

"But his wife will die soon."

"If I thought so I wud get intoxicated with delightful sorrow."

"He will marry again—a blonde lady."

"Never! the only blonde lady I know is Mrs. McCarty, and she has a mouth loike a cellar and wears celluloid teeth."

"She will bring him a large fortune."

"Go ahead, that is not Mrs. McCarty. All her owld man left her whin he died was a box of starch and a wooden leg."

"They will have many children."

"Faix, we'll fill the woods wid thim!"

"But a dark shadow crosses his life line here."

"Copper on the dark shadow, Edwardo, an' play the loife line to win."

"He will be hung for sheep stealing."

There was a grand burst of laughter from the hearers of this most inglorious finale to Muldoon's brightly-colored fortune.

As for Muldoon himself, he was mad.

"It is a darty swindle," roared he. "I will have the canaries pulled by the perlice. They are in wid the mob to make a howly show out av me!"

But the crowd finally persuaded him it was only a joke, and he was cooled into moving on, only pausing long enough to inform the Frenchman that the next time he came down to Coney Island he was going to bring along a bald-headed eagle who would chew up canaries, cage, fortunes, and everything else in a gulp.

Slowly the boarders strolled along the dashing waves, taking in everything.

The sight of the water inspired in Stuyvesant Riley's breast a desire to be into it.

"Let's go in bathing, you know—quite the propah capah," he remarked. "Woll in the waves and get refreshed."

"Yez don't want to get refreshed," remarked Muldoon; "yez are fresh enough already. A roll in the mud would suit ye better."

"Arrah, Muldoon," good-naturedly said the alderman, "ye are too hard on our daisy. We all want a bath bad enough."

"Ixcipting av meself, alderman. I had a bath three weeks ago, and it is not undermining me constitution I am goin' to by incessant cowl'd wather," retorted Muldoon.

"Arrah, come on, ye chromo kicker," said Edwardo. "Let's go to Manhattan Beach."

"Divil a bit!" decidedly said Muldoon.

"Why not?"

"It is too high-toned they are altogether there. Bedad, there is a place they call the hippodrome there where they let the gang in for tin cints a head to blaggard the bathers. No, sir; I want to go where it is dimocratic."

"Such a spot was soon found. Bathing houses are as plentiful as mushrooms at that part of Coney Island.

It was run by a plebeian named McDermott.

He dished suits out to the crowd, fired towels at them, and directed them to their bathing houses, which were all in a row, and of the most dilapidated state of architecture possible.

Of course Muldoon's was the craziest old ruin of them all.

"Lind me a pin, Rafferty," requested he, as he surveyed it.

"What for?"

"Till I pin me bathing house fast to me shirt. It will blow away if I don't."

But notwithstanding the fact of the instability of the bathing house, Muldoon managed to get undressed, and struggled into his suit.

It was a nice bathing suit.

It was made of red flannel and holes—principally holes. If it had been put up before a window it would have made a good mosquito bar.

Besides, it fitted Muldoon too much.

It seemed to have been built for a balloon, noticing the graceful way in which it hung in folds from Muldoon's shoulders.

The boarders got onto it the very moment that Muldoon appeared.

"Fill in wid rocks!" roared Edwardo Geoghegan.

"Stale an auger till I tap him; it is the dropsy he has got, sure!" cried the alderman.

And so the rest of them capped in, and gave it to Muldoon heavy until he got mad.

"Bedad, I'll give eight dollars for a trained shark that would devour the whole av them!" he muttered, as he plunged out from shore.

The alderman was watching him.

"Get out, Muldoon!" bawled he.

"Why?" asked our hero.

"Sure, it is against the law for ye to go in here. All refuse must be dumped six miles further down the bay!"

There were several girly-girly in bathing, and they giggled greatly at the alderman, whereby the alderman began to believe he had been cut out for a circus clown, and continued being funny.

"Arrah, Muldoon," said he, "it is a pity ye have not a calcium light on yer head. What an elegant light-house ye would make!"

The girly-girly laughed some more, and the alderman took a second encore.

"Don't go too far out," he requested, "or somebody will be harpooning av ye for a porpoise. Or perhaps ye had better buy some floats and request the Harbor Commissioner to set ye up in the wather for a harbor buoy!"

"Ain't he cunning?" angrily retorted Muldoon.

"I niver were aware before that jackasses could swim; but begorra, there is a spaking wan in the wather now."

Although Muldoon tried to pass it over jokingly, he was in reality wroth.

"The idea av sich wan-eyed riddle as Alderman Lobscouse making ridicule av me," murmured he. "Jealous he is av me fairy face and me athletic shape. Wait, I will get square on the political ghost."

In pursuance of his plan for vengeance, he skipped stealthily up to the bathing house.

Hooks and shelves were foreign luxuries in said bathing houses; the bathers, at Muldoon's suggestion, had tied their clothes in bundles and placed them on the floor of their bathing houses.

Muldoon opened the door of the bathing palace occupied by the alderman.

A bundle of clothes was upon the floor, neatly tied up in a pair of suspenders.

Muldoon hardly noticed them. He saw that they were clothes, and instantly took them for the alderman's.

Placing the bundle under his arm, he ran down to the beach.

The alderman was a prominent figure in the breakers.

He had made rapid progress into the acquaintance of the two girly-girly, and was pleasantly engaged in jumping them up into the air every time that a big wave rolled in.

Muldoon was horrified.

"An ould billy goat like him to be playing masher wid the girls," he reflected. "He's sixty if he's a year, and his whiskers would be as white as the wall if he didn't put stove polish on aich hair ivery morning. I'll larn him a lesson."

In pursuance of this virtuous scheme Muldoon elevated his voice and the bundle of clothes at the same time.

"Alderman!" yelled he.

"Gorilla—ahoy!" yelled back the alderman.

"Yer bathing suit will be a-bursting soon an' showing that ye have the leprosy!" Muldoon shouted; "take yer clothes and put them on!"

With the last words he hurled the bundle of clothes.

Over the heads of the surprised bathers, over the foam-topped waves flew the bundle, finally splashing into the water right in front of the alderman.

Muldoon howled with delight.

He promenaded up and down the beach as if he owned all of Coney Island and was just letting folks come there for fun.

"Whurra," he chuckled, "me name is Mud, and I live in a gutther. Anybody can make fun av me for I wur made for that purpose. Look at the alderman, his clothes are wet completely. He will have to go home in a bathing house or a barrel. Oh, yes, yez can do anything or call me any names yez plaze. I won't thry to hit back. Oh, no!"

Meanwhile the alderman was apprehensively untying the bundle.

"If the tarrier has bathed me clothes in the brine, I'll walk down his neck and jump on his spine till it breaks!" declared he.

A puzzled look came over his face as he held up the dripping coat to gaze at it.

"Mishla murtha!" cried he, "it is Muldoon's own sack frock."

He examined the pants.

They were Muldoon's, too.

The alderman just doubled up, not minding the waves which were rolling over him, and fairly screeched with laughter.

Muldoon did not know what to make of it.

"He is so mad he is having spasms," he conjectured. "Fool wid a natural dayscendant av Dan O'Connell's, will he?"

"Muldoon—Muldoon! ye paralyzed Mick, do ye know what ye have done?" yelled the alderman.

"Fhat?"

"Ye have chucked your own clothes into the water."

"Yez can give me no taffy."

"But ye have. Luk at your coat," and the alderman held it up.

Muldoon recognized it.

Talk about a mad Mick.

You ought just to have got a bird's-eye view of Muldoon the next ten minutes. He stamped and roared, and swore in a style which was sad to behold and fearful to see.

"Edwardo—Edwardo," begged he, "get a big boy wid a club. I want to hire wan to welt me head off."

"What's up?" asked Edwardo, pretending innocence, as he emerged from the sad sea waves.

"I have chucked me apparel into the briny deep."

"Why did you do it?"

"I thought it was the alderman's. Shure I found it in his bathing house."

"No wonder you got sold," laughed Edwardo.

"Why?"

"Terry Rafferty changed the bundles of clothes around to play a joke on the gang when they came out of the water."

"A joke, is it?" declared Muldoon; "be Heavens, I can stand a joke, but this is a scurvy outrage. Tell Terry Rafferty I will niver hould converse wid him again."

By this time, the rest of the picnic party had arrived at the scene.

One thing was plain.

Muldoon could not proceed further till his clothes dried. Gentlemen in wet bathing suits are not desired as ornaments to any hotel or promenade.

There were no clothes to be procured which would fit Muldoon, and if he kept on his bathing suit he was very likely to take cold.

He also obstinately refused to go to bed.

Here was a dilemma.

At last Edwardo had a happy thought.

"Bury him in the sand," said he, with a quiet wink.

"Do yez take me for a clam?" Muldoon asked.

"Why, it's nice," said Edwardo. "We'll put you up to your neck in soft, white, warm sand, an' yez can gaze around at the scenery till your clothes get dry."

The rest of the crowd chimed in, and talked Muldoon into believing that next to going to heaven, being buried in the sand was the most enjoyable thing in the world.

So he consented.

A hole in the soft, drifting sand was soon scooped out, and Muldoon placed in it.

Then the sand was patted and stamped down over him until he could not extricate himself without assistance. All that was visible was his head.

Then Edwardo volunteered to stay by Muldoon while the rest went off and had dinner.

When his companions were out of sight Edwardo began gathering pieces of driftwood, and shaping them club-fashion.

"Fhat are ye doing wid the shillelahs?" Muldoon queried.

"Going to eat them," humorously replied Edwardo. "Wait till you see—you'll laugh rale audibly."

Next Edwardo put a potato on Muldoon's head.

"It will kape the sand flies away from ye," he alleged.

Presently a crowd of pleasure seekers, some pretty full of beer, came strolling along.

Edwardo intercepted them with his clubs.

"Here ye are!" cried he, "a dollar to any man who can knock the pratie off av the dummy's head. Six clubs for a quarter!"

There was a rush for clubs.

"Aim between the eyes," advised Edwardo, "and ye'll fetch the pratie, sure!"

Whiz—whiz! bang! flew the clubs about Muldoon's head.

Some of the crowd who could not afford to buy clubs began firing other missiles.

"Stop—stop! ye blaggards!" yelled Muldoon, as he tried to dodge from one side to the other. "Be Heavens, I am aloive!"

CHAPTER X.

"Begorra, I am aloive!" persisted Muldoon.

"Yer lie!" responded a Bowery boy, as he aimed a big club. "I say, cully, when yer hit ther pertater does the bell ring?"

"Yis," calmly answered Edwardo; "take a good sight."

"What is that target, anyhow?" queried a near-sighted gentleman.

The crowd eagerly informed him.

"It's a vegetable."

"It's a termatty."

"It's a patent skull that speaks by machinery."

"The waves washed it up."

"Guess it floated ashore off of a garbage barge."

"To my eyes," responded the gentleman, as he peered through a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses, "it looks more like the head of a gorilla. What makes it shake so?"

"Dig me up, an' I'll show ye, ye four-eyed ould curiosity!" bawled Muldoon.

"Ah, shut up!" yelled the Bowery boy; "we don't want no back talk from a target."

"Take it away on a shovel, anyhow," suggested a spectator; "it draws flies."

"I'll give you six cents to hit id wid a glub," said a Dutchman to Edwardo.

"I'll give yer sixty cents to let me cut off its ears with a razor," bid the Bowery boy.

"John takee it," proposed a Chinese cigar peddler; "he puttee it along with rattee doggee—makee belly nicee pie!"

"Howly Virgin!" Muldoon roared, "would yez comprehend it? A haythen—a moon-eyed leper, wid a pig-tail loike to a clothes line, make poi out av me head! Edwardo Geoghegan, if am ever excavated from this tomb, may Heaven have mercy on yez!"

The Bowery boy took an extensive quid of tobacco from his cheek and mixed it with a little sand.

"Don't want no more chin-music from an educated head," he said, as he dexterously flung the quid.

It hit Muldoon in the mouth.

It effectually plastered up that organ.

"Perhaps that is the way they intind giving me me meals," he could only splutter; "they'll be shooting drinks at me wid a syringe'nixt. Ah! Muldoon—Muldoon, why did yez iver come to Coney Island? If yez wanted salt air, ye could have wint out an' smelt av the gutther!"

His troubles, though, were not yet over.

Edwardo perceived the fairy form of a young charmer tha he knew disappearing around a corner, and Edwardo basely abandoned Muldoon, and hied after her.

The Bowery boy immediately constituted himself sole proprietor of Muldoon.

He stuffed sand in Muldoon's ears.

He filled his nose with sea-weed.

He poured clam juice in his eyes.

He caught a festive fiddler crab, and encouraged it to walk up and down over Muldoon's head, and bite at the bald spot.

Altogether, he treated Muldoon in much the same kind and humane manner displayed by a cat toward a mouse.

"Derned ef I've had sich fun since we busted up a nigger cake walk in East New York, an' I gouged the eyes out of the manager," he said.

Just as he was about fencing off Muldoon's head for the purpose of exhibiting it at a cent a look as a devil-fish, there was a cry of: "Cheese it—coppers!"

The Bowery boy only waited to set fire to Muldoon's hair with his cigar, and then he dusted at an extremely lively pace.

The "copper," alias police, soon arrived.

They were two.

Muldoon somewhat incoherently explained the dilemma.

"Got to lock yer up," announced one, after a brief consultation.

"For what?" groaned Muldoon.

"Getting buried in the sand without a permit."

"Shure I couldn't help it."

"Besides, yer hair is burning."

"The devil!"

"Got to lock yer up for that. Don't allow fireworks on the beach in the day time."

"For Heaven's sake how much do I owe yez for salt air?" asked Muldoon; "I have been breathing for almost twinty minutes widout a pass."

"Let's leave him here," suggested one of the "coppers," "till I go down to Brooklyn and get out a warrant for him. He can't get away."

"Don't, ye swate angels," Muldoon begged; "dig me up—I'm a buried treasure. Faix, I bleed gould. I'll give ye foive dollars to pull me out."

Five dollars put quite a different light upon the subject.

In a few minutes the two officers were diligently digging away with spades.

In a few minutes more Muldoon was extended under an old sail on the beach, guarded by one officer, while the other was going after his clothes.

Luckily they were dry—at least dry enough to put on.

With the assistance of the two officers, whom five dollars had converted into active auxiliaries, Muldoon was dressed.

By their assistance also he secured a clean collar and a very gaudy necktie, also a pair of paper cuffs.

These, in addition to a shave obtained at the Brighton, and

a very giddy bouquet pinned upon his coat lapel, rendered Muldoon far more gaudy than he had been originally.

He found his boarders, minus Edwardo, discussing clam chowder at a refreshment stand.

"Whirra, Muldoon!" exclaimed Terry Rafferty; "ye are as pretty as a fairy."

"It is a Broadway statue he is," concurred Mr. Fritz Murphy.

"If ye wint down to the surf now ye would mash all av the faymale say-gulls," said the alderman. "How is it, ye jugler? We lave yer bare-naked in the sand, and ye reappear wid the splendiddness av a bally girl."

Muldoon explained.

Everybody winked, and said that Edwardo's conduct was awful.

"But niver moind, Muldoon," condoled Terry, "ye look better than ever. Just see that daisy beyant a-gazin' at ye."

Muldoon gazed in the direction indicated.

A woman, with a spotted black and white veil which effectually concealed her features, was staring hard at our hero.

When she noticed she was observed by him she moved slowly away, ever and anon turning her head as if to encourage him to follow her.

"Ye have a mash," said Terry; "go for it."

The woman had a small hand, and a sly wind just then gave a fleeting view of a well-shaped foot, daintily encased in open-work slippers.

"Brace it," said Fitz Murphy. "I wish she wud give me the chance."

Muldoon pulled his shirt collar up, his paper cuffs down, and held his head up very high.

"It is gone on me shape I suppose she is," declared Muldoon. "Faith, I don't blame her; when I was a bye all av the gals used to call me 'Purty Terry.'"

The boarders grinned aloud at this egotistic remark.

"Luk at the mouth on him, would ye!" said the alderman; "bedad, a canary bird flew in the other day. He tuk it for a cage!"

"Don't be so jocular," Muldoon returned. "See me captivate the daisy. Good looks and winning ways woruk wid the petticoats, byes!"

Muldoon started in pursuit of his prey.

She did not seem to object.

She slackened her pace so as to afford Muldoon an opportunity of reaching her side.

He quickened his gait.

Two dandy young fellows ahead of him tried to speak to her, but he could see that she repulsed them.

"Sensible woman," praised Muldoon; "she will have none av the Billy-boys that have the impression av a nursing-bottle still upon their teeth. It is a solid made sucker loike me-self she is after."

He reached her side.

He was conscious that his friends were following him, watching every movement.

"Muldoon," he reflected, "ye must catch it, or yer reputation as a lady-killer is up wid a balloon."

Accordingly in a most courteous tone he said:

"It is a deloightful day, me leddy."

"Yes, sir," replied the fair unknown.

"If it does not rain, or snow, or hurricane, the unprobabilities denote a pleasant atmosphere."

"Yes, sir."

Muldoon was getting along famously.

It was plain to see that his attentions were not distasteful to his lady incognito.

"May I assist in conveying av yer sun umbrella?" he said.

"The sun may tan those porcelain hands av yez."

"You are very koind," replied she, coyly. "I fear ye are a flattherer."

"She's Oirish, begob, by her accent," said Muldoon, in an aside.

Then aloud.

"I niver flatther miss; it is against me principle. Shall we promenade the boulevard beyant the breakers?"

The lady was willing.

They walked down to the beach, and after a while sat down upon a seat.

Somehow the boarders, reinforced by the villainous Edwardo, felt tired, too, and sat down upon another bench near by, to Muldoon's great disgust.

"What is your name?" asked the mysterious lady of Muldoon, after a while.

"Be Heavens, I will paralyze her!" thought Muldoon, as he answered:

"Romeo O'Connor Montague De Vere. I am a Frinchman av Italian birth."

"Are you married?" was the next interrogation.

Muldoon sighed deeply. He had read of noble men with broken hearts in novels, and he tried to look like one.

"Ye touch me where it is tinder," said he. "I have a saycret sorrow. I am married, but not mated."

"Married, but not mated?" repeated the lady.

"Yis."

"Who are ye married to?"

"A red-headed ould hag wid fictitious teeth, an' a breath loike to an ash cart."

Muldoon's companion clenched her fists at this description.

"Ye do not love yer wife?" was her next question.

"Begorra, I wud pay sivent-five guineas to buy her a coffin. I want an affinity."

"What is that?"

"Shure, it's girly-girly whose heart pulsates wid yer own," declared Muldoon, quite surprised at his flow of language.

He was quite surprised at something else a moment later.

His lady friend arose, tore off her veil, and stood before him the very personification of rage.

"Ye bald-headed ould dayceiver, ye wud be libertine wid dyed sluggers!" shrieked she, as she pasted him over the head with her parasol.

"St. Peter hit her with lightning," gasped Muldoon, "it is me woife. It is Mrs. Muldoon."

"Ye're right," declared his enraged spouse; "yez want an affinity, do ye? I'll get yez one. I am ould and red-headed, am I? Begorra, Terence Muldoon, if it were not for yer poor bye, Roger, I'd kill yez where ye stand."

With every word the parasol descended upon Muldoon's head.

It was only a question as to which would last the longest, the parasol or Muldoon's head, for Mrs. Muldoon's arm seemed to be engineered by steam power.

Needless to say it was great graft to the boarders on the seat.

It was as good as peaches and cream to them.

"Go in, Mrs. Muldoon!"

"Bate the prairie head off av him!"

"Faix, he were kissing of an apple woman!"

"He wanted to elope wid a nurse girl not ten minutes ago!"

"Yez should have seen him hugging of the cook up to the iron pier!"

With these and other veracious remarks did the boarders egg the infuriated wife on.

But at last the parasol broke.

Mrs. Muldoon sank down upon the bench well-nigh exhausted.

"Oh, you poor divil," said she, "where is your quadroon?"

"Me what?" asked poor Muldoon.

"Your quadroon."

"I niver had wan."

"Don't lie to me. Didn't I rayceive a tiligram stating ye

were gone to Coney Island in a barouche wid a quadron fay-male?"

"The gang have been putting up a job on ye," said Muldoon, who now saw the whole racket. "Wait till we get home. I'll lock the whole piratical crew up in the cellar an' set fire to it!"

"Ye will do nothing av the sort. I'll lock ye up in the cillar, an' feed yez on toasted cheese loike a rat," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "Put on yer hat, ye Dublin gorilla, an' come along!"

"Where?"

"Home."

"I don't want to go home. Home was niver loike this," protested Muldoon.

"But yez will. Niver will I trust yez off av yer own front stoop again, ixcept I am wid yez," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Walk along now, or I'll pull yez to New York by yer heels!"

She seemed perfectly capable of doing it.

Muldoon concluded that submission was the best policy.

With his paper cuffs melted, his bouquet torn, his high collar fractured, and the glory faded forever from his necktie, poor Muldoon was escorted home by his wife, like a sparrow under the wing of a chicken hawk.

The boarders generously acted as bodyguard and especial escort.

Their kindness was not, however, appreciated.

For they indulged in remarks—loud and scoffing remarks, similar to those below.

"Oh, Muldoon's a masher!"

"It's his shape captivates the daisies!"

"He did pick up a girl!"

"How she loves him!"

"Don't he enjoy it?"

"Won't he catch it when he gets home?"

But Muldoon did not appreciate their attentions. Indeed, he wished they were all dead and buried.

Over Muldoon's adventures when he got home we draw a veil of silence.

Those of our readers who are married will, perhaps, guess at the sort of symposium which Mrs. Muldoon gave him when she was all alone with him.

Suffice it to say that the "solid man" did not appear at supper that night; and next day, when he did show up, his face was swathed in plasters, his nose scratched, and his head balder than ever, besides being ornamented with finger nail marks.

A feeble fairy story which he attempted to tell of being blown up at midnight by a kerosene lamp, was scoffed at by the boarders.

"Own up, Muldoon," jeered the alderman, "the gray mare is the best horse. Ye have been paralyzed by the ould woman, and ye know it. I wonder who could have sint the tiligram which give yez away?"

What a base hypocrite the alderman was! It was he himself who had sent the telegram relative to Muldoon and some imaginary quadron which had sent Mrs. Muldoon post haste down to Coney Island's sea-girt shores.

Notwithstanding which fact the Benedict Arnold of an alderman condoled with Muldoon, and offered fabulous rewards for the apprehension of "the devil who sint that tiligram."

For the next week Muldoon kept quiet.

He was crushed.

But, as his wounds began to heal he recovered his natural spirits.

By way of a peace offering he took his wife to Rockaway one day, treated her like a queen, and peace was restored between the pair.

"Phat do ye conjecture I have purchased, Mrs. M.?" asked he one day.

"Is is a sewing machine, Terry?" returned his spouse.

"Ye have siven already," was Muldoon's response. "No, me leddy; I have bought a Frinch bloodhound. None av yer gutter pups, either. Shure, I have his pedigree wrote down on waxed paper. He wur sired by Napoleon Bonypart's bull spitz and-dammed by iverybody that iver owned him."

"What will ye do wid it?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

"I bought him fur a bodyguard."

"What is that?"

"To protect me."

"Ye nade perfection," sarcastically uttered his wife. "Ye should hire a rigiment av cavalry and a nigger for the same purpose. Some high-toned belle will be kidnapping av ye for your beauty."

Nevertheless Muldoon stuck to his bloodhound.

It was brought home that very day.

It was a terror.

Before it had been in the house three hours it had scared young Roger into fits, bit Johanna, the servant girl; marooned Terry Rafferty on top of a step-ladder, and tried to eat up their refrigerator.

The only one it would obey in the slightest was Muldoon. And it only minded him when it wanted to.

Muldoon named him "Baby."

He was a baby with a vengeance.

He stood about six feet high, had flesh enough for a young ox, and when he opened his mouth it looked like the entrance to a cemetery.

Muldoon purchased him for a special purpose.

It was to put him onto Mulcahy, for Mulcahy had bought a parrot not long before.

It was an intelligent parrot, and Mulcahy had educated it.

He taught it to say: "Look at the naygur!" "There goes Muldoon, the crank!" "Muldoon, you old Mick, you're N. G.!"

Having learned the parrot these few but brilliant phrases, Mulcahy hung it up in a cage outside the parlor window.

The result was that every time Muldoon passed by the house he was saluted by the three phrases named above.

This did not increase Muldoon's good nature, or render him more kindly inclined toward his neighbor.

Contrarily, he threatened to get a brick and "cave the head off av the bird," but Mulcahy heard of it, and swore he would "take the law" onto him if he dared to touch a feather of the parrot.

Therefore Muldoon meditated vengeance.

The hound seemed to be about the proper instrument.

"Begob," he confided to the alderman, "I will set me bloody-hound upon that vulgar sucker. Insultin' av me via a parrot, will he? I'll tache him, bedad, phat it is to dale wid a terror loike meself."

So it happened one day as Muldoon and Baby sat onto the stoop—Baby occupying most of the stoop—Mulcahy emerged from the area.

Mulcahy was dressed up.

He was probably going off on some quiet little picnic by himself.

Now was Muldoon's chance.

"Sic him, Baby, sic the son av a gun!" cried he, indicating the retreating form of Mulcahy.

Baby wanted no second invitation.

He bounded off like a deer in pursuit, Muldoon holding on to his chain, for if he ever let the brute go, Muldoon knew well he would never seen Baby again.

Mulcahy did not know at first whether it was a Texan steer or a fire engine after him.

He cast a look behind him.

"Howly Heaven!" cried he, "it's a mad bull wid Muldoon steering av it!"

"Mulcahy, ye are doomed! Sic him, Baby!" bawled Muldoon.

Just then Denny Callahan, the copper, interfered.

"Do you take this for Leadville, Muldoon?" shouted he; "hould in that dorg!"

"I ca-a-an't," breathlessly answered Muldoon.

Neither he could, for Baby was going at a gallop, while Mulcahy was fairly flying.

Down the street they raced, Mulcahy first, the bloodhound second, Muldoon a good third, while the cop came last, vainly trying to clug the dog's spine in two.

CHAPTER XI.

Away went Mulcahy.

He was running for dear life, and he knew it. The chances were, that if the dog ever got a good show at him, Mulcahy would have to be shoveled up.

As for Muldoon, he was getting scared.

Although he had hold of Baby, he might just as well have tried to stop a locomotive.

"Whoa, ye divil, whoa!" cried he; "begob, I am all out av breath. Do yez take this for a go-as-ye-plaze contest?"

"Will ye hould the Texan steer in?" asked Callahan, the copper, who was running breathlessly on behind.

"Why don't a goat fly?" returned Muldoon.

"Give it up," gasped Callahan.

"Because he can't. I cannot control the speed av me quadruped. If I had air brakes connected wid his tail, I might manage him, but I haven't."

"He'll kill Mulcahy."

"Let him; I'll go his bail."

"You'll be responsible."

"Divil a bit. If he kapes on I'll be killed, too."

"Then let go of the brute."

"He won't let me."

Meanwhile a crowd was gathering, attracted by the racket, and was rapidly joining in the chase.

"For ginerall interest it bates a fox hunt," reflected Muldoon.

"Baby, ye darlint spaniel, aise up an' I will buy yez a plated dog house wid a bay windy, an' a gould ring to jump through, just loike a canary."

But these brilliant prospects could not lure Baby from his prey.

In polite parlance he was "dead onto" Mulcahy, whose wind was failing rapidly.

"Blessed saints," cried he, "it is a dead man I am; an' not a drop av whisky in me house for a wake. Faix, I am as good as a corpse."

As if to prove his words Mulcahy incontinently tripped over a beer keg and sprawled upon the sidewalk.

Here was Baby's chance.

With a bark of joy the dog released himself from Muldoon's grasp and jumped upon the fallen man, Muldoon sprawling head first into the mud gutter.

Baby seemed in a fair way to eat Mulcahy up, there and then.

"Luk at him—luk at the pup," called out Muldoon, struggling up with a bruised face and blood upon his nose. "Blood will tell, begorra. Tin to wan on me sky terrier."

"Great Heavens!" remarked an excitable gentleman, "the beast will kill the man!"

"Luk at him!" disregarded Muldoon, "luk at the wag of his tail! Arrah, he's a daisy. Yez couldn't buy him for siventty dollars. Shure, there is only one thing I am afraid av."

"What's that?" asked somebody.

"That Mulcahy will disagree with the pup's stomach. It would be a pity to have him sick!"

But the other spectators did not take the same view of the contest that Muldoon did.

"Kill the dog!"

"Shoot him!"

"Lasso the beast!"

"Put a slug into him!"

"Poison it!"

Muldoon faced the crowd with a red face and clenched fists.

"Bedad, the next loonatic that wants to destroy me pup must destroy me first!" declared he. "Walk up, all av yez together, and plaze telephone for a morgue. It will be necessitated!"

Only one davedanced.

It was Denny Callahan, with his club grasped firmly in his hand.

He pushed Muldoon aside and darted in between Mulcahy and the dog, who were right in the midst of a hot collar-and-elbow wrestle act.

"That is what comes av having bloody Micks on the perlice," groaned Muldoon. "By the mother who bore me, if he harms a hair av me dog's tail I'll lay for him to-night up McRiley's alley wid a carbine!"

Denny succeeded in attracting Baby off of Mulcahy.

But he only succeeded in attracting the dog to himself. Baby jumped at him, and a furious contest between the peeler and the dog ensued.

Muldoon was delighted, but he affected not to be.

"Come off av it, Baby!" cried he, "don't ye disgrace yerself by killing av a peeler. Don't yez care a bit for yer karacter?" His voice brought the dog toward him.

"Come here," continued he, "good pup, till I pat yer head."

Baby advanced.

Like the treacherous brute which he was, he avoided his master's outstretched hand, and coolly and deliberately fastened his fangs on Muldoon's coat-tails.

"Ye black-hearted thraitor!" yelled Muldoon, his tone changed as if by a miracle; "lave go av me coat-tails."

"Nice dog. Pat him on the head," slyly observed Edwardo Geoghegan, who had just appeared upon the scene.

"Be Heavens, I will—wid a pound av pig lead. Lave go av me, you domned tiger, or I will fill yer mouth wid cobblestones."

"Faix, it is wonderful to perceive how the dog moinds Muldoon," carelessly put in Edwardo. "Moinds him loike a baby. Shure, Muldoon, I wud buy a blue ribbon for its neck, and carry it out milk in a saucer."

Edwardo's jokes were unexpectedly curtailed just then.

Callahan had been reinforced by a brother officer.

They recollected that they were possessed of pistols.

Pulling them out, they began an indiscriminate fusillade upon the dog.

In five minutes they had cleared the street, broke all of the glass in the neighborhood, shot a horse, and as a grand result, put two bullets through Edwardo's hat.

Edwardo objected to having his hair cut in such a way, and fled.

"Foire at me—foire at me!" cried he, as he vanished down an area, "it is me only safety."

Muldoon shinned up a fence with lightning rapidity, to which fence poor Mulcahy—bit, battered, bruised, bloody and half dead—was already clinging, in a perfect paralysis of fright.

The dog made toward the gallant policemen.

Their ammunition was totally exhausted, and they, too, put for places of safety.

The dog was boss of the situation, and he glanced fiercely at his foes.

Evidently wishing he could get at them.

Meanwhile Muldoon had clambered onto the top of the fence, where he sat, looking ruefully at his pup.

"Ah, ye hyena!" said he, shaking his fist at the canine. "I

would give tin dollars for a rifled cannon to blow yer ugly head off. Ye have gone back on the gang!"

By way of reply the dog barked ferociously.

"Be Heavens, I wished I owned a bull fighter," continued Muldoon; "it is sind him at yez I wud! Will nobody harpoon the baste, and allow us to escape?"

"Get off on the other side of the fence!" piped a wise small boy.

It so happened that on the "other side of the fence" was a vacant lot, which a late severe rain had filled with water, rendering it almost a miniature lake.

Muldoon gazed down ruefully at it.

"If I had a life-boat I moight venture," he replied, "but it is up to me neck in the Chinese ocean I wud be widout wan. Is there a baby yez can feed to the dog to pacify him till we escape?"

There seemed to be none.

But a savior appeared in the person of Hippocrates Burns, who appeared upon the ground with a shotgun.

Hippocrates was plainly afraid of the shotgun.

It wabbled about in his hands, and upon the average covered seventeen persons at once.

"Bedad, he's worse nor the dog!" groaned Muldoon.

He was not, though.

By some totally unexpected accident Hippocrates succeeded in firing off the gun at the dog without blowing himself to pieces, as was confidently looked for by the spectators.

What was equally surprising, he hit his mark.

Baby fell down in the street with about a quart of buckshot in her body.

Muldoon got down off of the fence and ran to the dead dog's side.

He looked at the places where the shot had entered, and notwithstanding that he was sorry for his pet's death, he could not help making a joke.

"Bring me a spade, Hippocrates," he said; "begob, I wud dig for lead in the dog's body."

As for Mulcahy, he called a cab and was driven home.

"Arrah, ye feather-tongued Mick!" he shouted at Muldoon, as he drove away, "I will pay yez for this. I will have the law onto yez!"

"Don't," returned Muldoon.

"Yez will pay for this."

"Thrads pennies received?"

Mulcahy was not in a suitable frame of mind to stand chaffing.

He got so mad he could not speak articulately, and contented himself by leaning out of the cab window and shaking his fist at Muldoon.

"Shure, it's on wires an' it is wound up for a week," remarked our good-natured hero; then aloud to the cab driver:

"Dhrive it away, Johnny, it draws flies. Deposit it at the Idiotic Asylum an' label it 'dangerous.'"

Assisted by the heroic Hippocrates and the fugitive Edwardo, Muldoon reached home, the dog being left in the middle of the street, New York style.

"Howly branagin, Terry!" cried his wife, as he entered the house, "that scaffold have yez fell off of? Ye look as if ye had been in a free foight."

"Hould yer whist—hould yer whist!" solemnly said Muldoon. "I were run over by cuttle fish. Look out on the portico, Bridget."

"For what?"

"At Mulcahy. Bedad, they have jist shoveled him into his house."

And in a high good humor at the demoralized state of his foe, Muldoon started up to his room.

"I am going to the Wet Dock for repairs," explained he.

Soon after this, Mrs. Muldoon went up, too.

"What do ye suppose Mulcahy has now?" said she.

"Spasms?" inquired Muldoon, putting on a clean shirt.

"Go 'way with yer funniness. He has a speaking tube."

"A what?"

"A speaking tube."

"In what language does it converse. Is it alive?"

"No, you idiot. It is made out av tin, an' it runs through his house."

"Why don't he tie it up?"

"St. Peter perfect yer ignorance. Ye spake through it way up nixt to the roof, and ye can be heard in the kitchen. It is a great invention, so it is."

"We can put on as much airs as Mulcahy," said Muldoon, as he struggled with a collar. "We will have siven. Go right down to the grocery store, Bridget, and order thim."

Mrs. Muldoon obeyed.

Next day the carpenter came and put a speaking tube into Muldoon's mansion.

It had three "calls,"—one in the hall, one in Muldoon's room and one in the kitchen.

Gradually the boarders got to use it.

One day Muldoon was in the kitchen, when the whistle sounded, which signified that somebody was at the hall end.

Muldoon responded.

"Edwardo?" lisped a female voice.

"Miss Nancy Krouse," said Muldoon, with a snicker.

"Are you there, birdie?" continued the voice.

"Mother of Moses!" gasped Muldoon. "She alludes to Edwardo as 'birdie.' A gas house tarrier, wid fog on his teeth, an' no socks on his fate, as 'birdie.'"

"Are you in the kitchen?" went on Miss Krouse.

"Yis," responded Muldoon, mischievously.

"What are ye doing?"

"Ating' soap."

"Did you bring your pet anything from downtown?"

"Begorra, he should have brought you a strait-jacket," grinned Muldoon, answering:

"Yis, me sugar-date, I brought yez up three giraffes and a hot-air balloon."

"Edwardo—Edwardo!" reproached Miss Krouse, "you have been drinking. Are you going to take me down to Rockaway to-night?"

"No!" decidedly replied Muldoon.

"Why not?"

"Shure, I don't take chromos, except they are in frames."

There was a gasp of horror through the speaking tube.

"I'll never speak to you as long as I live," presently sobbed Miss Krouse. "Ye have insulted me."

"If I have said anything I am sorry for, I am glad of it," maliciously replied Muldoon. "Put that in your bandoline and stick yez hair down wid it, ye yellow-fever blonde!"

No answer came.

Miss Krouse had fled to her room in angry tears.

"That squares me wid Edwardo for the Coney Island racket," grinned Muldoon. "I have broke his daisy's heart. She won't speak to him except with the bald-headed end of a broom for a week. His dream of love is o'er."

And delighted with the troubles he had caused, he went off to show Johanna, the cook, how the Chinese sprinkled clothes by squirting water through their teeth.

With his usual good luck, he filled his mouth with hot water for the feat, and the feat was indefinitely postponed until he should get some new skin on his food-receiver.

Edwardo returned home shortly afterward, and anxiously asked for his sweetheart.

She was not to be seen.

When she came down to supper her eyes were suspiciously red, and she entirely ignored Edwardo, flirting desperately

with the alderman, who, not suspecting the racket, was intensely flattered and surprised.

But after supper he corraled Miss Krouse in a remote corner of the parlor and the truth came out.

Edwardo explained.

He was not in the house when he was supposed to have insulted his darling.

A light broke upon him.

"It was Muldoon," he said.

And Miss Krouse, as she nestled close upon his red necktie, and deposited pearl powder upon his shoulder, responded, Pinafore style:

"It was—it was Muldoon!"

Then and there Edwardo devised a scheme for retaliation.

He put it in practice the next night.

Muldoon was sitting up in his room, smoking his pipe and reading a novel.

As the novel was an Irish one of the patriotic style, in which the bloody redcoat and tyrannical British aristocrat invariably get the worst of it, Muldoon was very much interested.

Just as he was in a most exciting passage, where the true-hearted heroine was about being casually pitched over a precipice, and no one was near to help, the whistle blew for the speaking tube.

Muldoon said a curse word as he sprang up to respond.

"Always some son av a gun a-fiddling wid the devilish machine," he growled. "Shure I belave if I was dying Johanna would whistle up from the kitchen to ax me if she should bille the praties wid their ulsters on."

But it was not Johanna at the tube this time.

The call was from the hall.

"Who's there?" came the query.

"Me," indefinitely answered Muldoon.

"Me lovely Bridget?" asked the person at the other end of the tube.

Muldoon jumped.

Bridget was his wife's name.

He had never before thought of being jealous of her, but here was somebody or other, one of the boarders, calling her "lovely."

"Be Heavens, I will dissemble!" hissed Muldoon, as he replied back, imitating his wife's voice as nearly as he was able:

"Who are you?"

"Hippy."

"Hippy—Hippy—Hippopotamos," mused Muldoon. "Shure, she can't be carrying on a flirtation wid a menagerie. Whorra! I have it, it is Hippocrates Burns! Is it you, Hippocrates?" he called back.

"Yis," came the reply. "Me angel, is yer ould bald-headed idol gone yet?"

"When did Mrs. M. acquire a bald-headed idol?" Muldoon meditated; "she must carry it around in her pocket, for I niver have seen it. I will ax for particulars."

"What bald-headed idol do yez mane?"

"Oh, ould fat-belly."

"Who's that?"

"The ould galvanized Mick, yer husband. Muldoon the crank!"

Muldoon's face was a study. It got red as a beet, and seemed on the point of exploding.

"Blessed saints," he muttered, as he threw out his chest. "Luk at me. I am a bald-headed idol, and an ould fat-belly, and a galvanized Mick! Begorra, Hippocrates Burns, I will blow yer head off inside av twinty minutes. It is lucky for Mrs. Muldoon that she is out, or I would be a widower immediately."

"Say, little pet," came through the tube, "is all ready?"

"I suppose it must be," reflected Muldoon, answering back:

"Yes."

"Old Cranky, the Lush, is out?"

"Probably I am referred to again," Muldoon remarked, aside; then aloud: "Oh, yis; he retreated to Nealy Callahan's, to assist at his having fits."

"Your trunk is packed, sweetest?"

"Av coorse."

"Ye will be ready at eight?"

"I wouldn't miss it for a million."

"An' thin, me darling, we will flee to some land where we will rist forever, like two turtle doves, in the blissful delight av each other's love."

"Fhat a beautiful bill av fare!" excitedly said Muldoon to himself; "it reads just loike wan av Hippocrates' bum poems. Ah, ye black-hearted rascal, it is rist in blissful deloight loike the sucker yez are in ther morgue! I wonder what disposition they'll make av me? I will ask. Hippy—Hippy!"

"Yis."

"What will we do with Muldoon?"

"Lave him behind. He'll drink himself paralyzed inside of a week. He's no good, anyhow, except as a statue for a beer garden. Good-by, goosey. Save a kiss for your little baby!"

"Ye will be past nading av anything except a board to be laid out on," grimly said Muldoon, as he took up an ancient horse-pistol.

It was already loaded, but Muldoon put in three or four nails, a couple of cents and the ferule of an umbrella.

"Hippocrates will have holes enough in him to figure as a porous plaster," he prophesied.

He rushed out looking for the poet, did not find him in his room, and then ran into the parlor.

Hippocrates was there, playing casino with the other boarders, and had pust won the game.

"Aha, yez black-hearted vilyan av a mad-house poet, I have yez now, be Heavens!" cried Muldoon. "Take that!"

Then he pulled the trigger, there was a terrific explosion, a lot of smoke, a tornado of shrieks and a whole box of red-headed language, and then he sat down.

When the smoke cleared away the boarders were looking at Muldoon, there was a big hole in the mirror, the wall looked as if it had the smallpox, but nobody was hurt.

Muldoon felt as if a horse had kicked him, but then he spied Hippocrates, and he forgot it.

"Be Heavens, I'll massacre the sucker!" he cried, getting up. "Howld me, some wan, till I murder him."

There was no murder done, however, for Edwardo gave away the speaking tube racket, and the joke was on Muldoon.

"I've been played for a sucker again, be Heavens," said he, "and luk at the shootin' gal'ry I've med av me parlor. Well, it's on me ag'in. Sind out the can, Geoghegan."

Peace was restored, harmony once more reigned, and everything was lovely as before.

The gang remained in the house, Muldoon was as gullible as ever, and of an evening if any of the neighbors wanted fun they were sure to have it in endless wads at that comfortable if not elegant caravansary, second only to the Astor Hotel, known as MULDOON'S BOARDING HOUSE.

THE END.

Read the next number (40) of "Snaps," entitled "THE IRISH RIVALS; OR, MULDOON AND HIS HUNGRY BOARDERS," by Tom Teaser.

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